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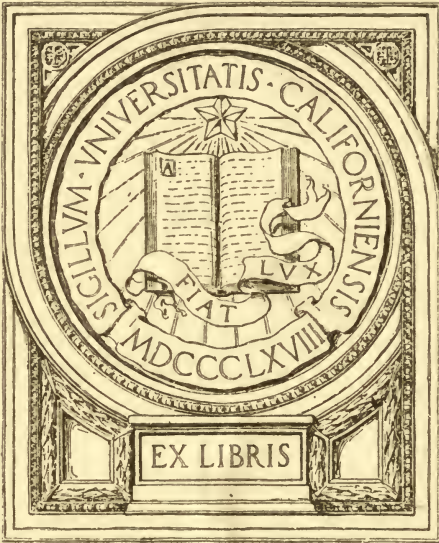
Ross Hartwick Thorpe
and the Song of

Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight



GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

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George Wharton James

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE
AND THE STORY OF
"CURFEW SHALL NOT RING
TONIGHT"



The Souvenir Bell of porcelain, an exact fac-simile of the Curfew-bell, with wooden clapper made from the old oaken beams that for 700 years supported the bell in the tower of Chertsey Abbey, near London, England.



Rose Hartwick at 16 years of age, just before she wrote "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight."



Rose Hartwick at 19 years of age, about the time when "Curfew" was first published in the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser*.

These two pictures should be changed.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE
AND THE STORY OF
"CURFEW MUST NOT RING
TO-NIGHT"

BY
GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

With the Poem
and Its Original Illustrations and Music for
Public Recitation.



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE RADIANT LIFE PRESS
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THE
MIRACLES OF
"TOM-NIGHT"

BY
EDITH E. FARNSWORTH



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ROSE HARTWICK THORPE
AND THE STORY OF

“CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT”



HO is there that has not read “Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight”? Or if he has not read it, has not heard it quoted or referred to as familiarly as household words? It has been translated into scores of tongues. It has been recited in every school, lyceum, and pulpit throughout the English-speaking world. It has been parodied a score of times, by as many different humorists; and nothing is parodied that is not already familiarly known.

And, strange to say, this world-popular ballad was not written by a master of English verse, one who had already won his laurels, but by a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl, devoid of any education save that afforded by the “little red schoolhouse” of the American country side, and gained in a home where books were as rare, scarce, and precious as jewels and diamonds, and far more treasured.

As far as I know, the full story of this ballad has never been told, so I am glad to have the opportunity of presenting the account as it was recently given to me by its author, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, at her present home in San Diego, California.

Her father was one of the pioneers in the new country of Northern Indiana and there, at Mishawka, Rose was born. She had two brothers and two sisters, her place being second in the list. She can trace her ancestry back many, many generations to that merry king, celebrated in song and story:

Old King Cole was a merry old soul;
And a merry old soul was he.

The name originally was Coil, but in time became known as Cole. Her father’s mother was Elinor, whose parents early brought her to Canada, and one of the treasured possessions of the family to this day is the Coat of Arms of the Coles, which clearly indicates the kingly descent claimed.

Yet far prouder than of her distinguished and more remote ancestry is her feeling of pride in her grandfather, who united with the noble patriots who fought against the tyranny of England and demanded freedom for themselves and their sons.

The first ten years of Rose’s life were happily spent at Mishawka. Her father must have been fairly well-to-do, for her remembrances are that every reasonable wish was gratified, and there were no severe hardships to encounter. Then came disaster. Her father became security for some one who failed, and he was called upon to make good the deficiency. It completely ruined him. Disheartened and discouraged, he sought a new field of labor and enterprise in the new country of Kansas, where his wife’s brother had already

located. This move merely added misfortune to disaster. It was the year of the great drought. Other States were called upon to assist the starving people and Rose well recalls the beans and corn-meal that were sent in, and that formed the chief articles of their diet. To this day she has no relish for either food, so distasteful did they become in their monotonous regularity in those weeks of wretchedness and hardship.

At last her father felt anything was better than the bare existence they were eking out in Kansas, and as there were other brothers and sisters in Michigan, he decided to go there. How he got there has always been a mystery to Mrs. Thorpe, for she is perfectly sure he had no money to go with, but in a very short time, she, her mother, brothers and sisters were cheered and delighted by the presence of one of her uncles, who had come to "pack them up" and carry them away back to Michigan. Here a house was found by one, furniture by another, clothing and groceries by another, until the needy ones could find themselves once more, and thus began Rose's life at Litchfield, Michigan, which she was soon to make famous in history. Her father was a first-class tailor, unafraid and unashamed to work, yet it was a pretty hard struggle to keep things going by the activity of his needle. Hence it can well be imagined there were no unnecessary luxuries provided for Rose and her brothers and sisters in the Litchfield days. Neither did any one know or care what their ancestry was. The deeds of today are what win respect and the friendliness of neighbors. The Hartwicks were good neighbors, and so had good neighbors in return; hence, when Rose, a growing girl, desired to expand her reading, she was allowed to borrow the few scant books and magazines they possessed. Her only books in those days were the Bible, a small school dictionary, and her school reader. There was a frame schoolhouse, of course, and thither Rose went daily with her brothers and sisters and companions. But, while a genuine youngster, enjoying all the sports of her fellows, there was something in her a little different from the others. Her mother noticed it, for she often spoke of Rose's habit of "making up" poetry about her dolls, which she would recite to them.

When Rose was about eleven years of age, a niece of her mother came to live with them so that she might attend their high school, which had a great local reputation. Rose was then in the primary grade. One evening as she sat by the fire, writing diligently on her slate, her cousin bent over it and inquired: "What are you doing." "Writing poems," was the reply. "The idea!" was the scornful response from the young miss, more advanced in years and scholarship. "You can't write poems. Let me see!" After she had satisfied herself, she exclaimed: "Rosie, you never wrote that. You copied it. Listen, Aunt Mary, Rosie says she wrote this." And she read the lines aloud to her aunt. Then turning to her half-scared, half-defiant cousin, she challenged: "If you really wrote that, write a poem about me." This was just what Rose wanted, and she proceeded to write some rhymed lines about her cousin, which, when completed, she triumphantly read. "And," said Mrs. Thorpe, in telling the story years after to the friend who told me, "I don't know that I evoked more satisfaction in any of my later work than that which I felt when Cousie Abbie turned to my mother and said: 'Well, Aunt Mary, I guess she wrote that other poem.'"

The result of this triumph was soon to prove to the young versifier the truth of the aphorism that the reward of good work is the opportunity to do more work, for the students of the high school were in the habit of having a "speaking" each month, and one of the expected "pieces" was a "*pome*," con-

taining local hits, puns and the like. Abbie called upon Rosie to exercise her gifts for this paper, and thereafter every month, for quite a time, she was the real, though generally uncredited, poet of these occasions.

When I think of the many pleasures, recreations, and amusements provided for the young people of our day, whether in city or country, I ask myself what would they do were they suddenly thrust back into the life of the youths and maidens of fifty years ago in the pioneer country settlements. Homes far apart, books few, newspapers rare, magazines rarer still, few musical instruments of any kind, few concerts, lectures, or other forms of amusement most common nowadays, how would they fill up their spare time, how pass the hours, how endure the tedium of the daily task.

In Rose Hartwick's home the children grew up under the prevalent restricted and restricting conditions. But Rose herself lived largely in a world of her own. Impressionable, with an intense nature, feeling every emotion keenly and deeply, easily stirred, every book or magazine she could get hold of stimulated her imagination and peopled her world with the creations of her brain. About the time of her fifteenth birthday some one gave her a copy of Byron's poems. This opened up a wealth of new associations. She traveled in that intense world of the imagination all the countries visited by Childe Harold: she associated with the scores of strange and hitherto unknown people pictured by the poet's genius. Possessing the dramatic instinct, the growing girl, the feelings of dawning womanhood stirring within her, became the characters of which she read. Books were so rare, and especially books of poetry, that she read and re-read every poem until their every line was familiar to her. She knew every thought of every actor in every poem. She saw each scene as distinctly as though it were her father's back-yard. What though she pictured incorrectly? That she saw things through the glamour of romance? It was the glorification of her life, the enlargement of her world, the making of a cosmopolite out of the little country girl.

In those days periodical literature was much more restricted than it is today, there being but few magazines in the field. One of these was *Peterson's*. It had the usual pages devoted to women's fashions and matters supposed to be dear to the woman's heart; had a fair sprinkling of tolerable poetry and enough fiction to make it interesting, with occasional essays, political, social, historical and otherwise.

Their neighbor, Dr. Coston, who lived directly across the dusty road of the country town, in a house glorified with a row of maple trees, was a regular subscriber and Rose was privileged to borrow each month's issue as soon as the family had finished reading it. But she was a voracious reader, and soon the current issues were not enough to supply her needs. Back numbers were just as good as current ones. They fed the imagination just as well one month as another. So, one day, when all her regular tasks were done, she asked her mother if she might go over to Dr. Coston's for another magazine. The consent was readily given and Rose tripped out on what was the most memorable call of her life. How great events hang on seemingly trivial actions. Who could have dreamed that this merry, happy, dancing, yet far-eyed, thoughtful child, skipping over the dusty road, receiving the gray-covered magazine with a sparkle of gratitude in each eye, and a careful handling of it that was almost a reverence, was stepping through the doorway of a fame accorded to few even of the great writers of our English tongue? Yet it was so, for in the pages of that magazine was the story that was to stir maiden Rose's heart to the writing of "*Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight*."

I hold this magazine in my hands as I write. Its cover is plain almost to ugliness, and compared with the gaudy, many-colored "artistic" magazine covers of today would be esteemed "positively hideous." Yet in those days people were not so much influenced by exterior prepossessiveness as by the worth of the contents. This issue is dated, September, 1865. On page 185 is the beginning of a story headed "Love and Loyalty," and it is "By a new Contributor," so we do not know—and perhaps never will know—by whom it was written. It is a story of ten pages in length, and had it not been for the effect of the poem that was soon to be born from its perusal, would perhaps never have been heard of again in the world. It is a fairly well written story in somewhat of the style of a bye-gone age, such a story as few editors of modern magazines would be likely to accept and publish. Yet so satisfied am I that many persons would like to read it that I have had the pages photographed and reproduced in exact facsimile of the original, with Mrs. Thorpe's annotation on the first page that this is the story that led to the writing of her memorable poem.

The effect of this story upon the young school girl was marvelous. That night the various scenes in the drama were enacted again and again in her dreams. She saw the child Bessie, living at Underwood Hall, the pet and plaything of all the family, educated almost as one of the baron's own children. She gasped in a spasm of loyalty as she imagined the feelings of the grown-up maiden, Bessie, when King Charles appeared at the Hall and smiled upon her. She let her heart go out in love to the old baron and his lady, that they allowed their son Basil to make honorable love to Bessie, with the hope that one day she would be the mistress of the Hall, and the mother of their son's children. Then she shivered with terror as she imagined the country overrun with the Puritan soldiers, the hall deserted, and Basil, her lover, in camp with the Cavaliers. Civil war in all its horrors visaged itself before her. Then she thrilled (child in body though she was), as her imagination pictured for her the tenderness of the meetings of Basil and Bessie, in her forester father's home in the woods, where, in spite of the active Puritans, he often found himself. And anon she cried in her sleep when the old forester died, and in dying commended his sweet child to the care and keeping of her lover.

Then, ah then, she saw Basil, leaving Bessie, overtaken by a horseman who insisted upon riding with him; saw them arrested as spies; taken before the stern commander; tried by the Puritan Council, and placed in jeopardy of their lives. And how she cried in sympathy and felt her heart beat high in response to the daring and courage of Bessie, who went before the Council and pleaded for the life of her lover, clearly showing that he could not have been a spy, and corroborating his story as to not having seen the real spy until very shortly before their arrest. And sobs again came from her as she slept and heard in her vivid dream the judgment of the stern Council that, in spite of Bessie's testimony, Basil should die that night when Curfew sent its doleful sound over the land.

Then how her heart leaped with Bessie's when she saw her hastening toward the camp of Cromwell, to whom she was going to appeal for the sake of his old friendship for her father, to believe her story and save her lover. And her heart sank with Bessie's as she heard the stern sentinel tell the eager maiden that Cromwell would not return until long after the hour of Curfew's tolling. Now she felt all the agony of despair, until a fresh leap of hope came when Bessie thought of going to the sexton of the Abbey, where hung the Curfew bell, and pleading with him not to ring Curfew until Cromwell had

returned and given her the opportunity to plead for her lover's life. And again she felt the gripping pangs of hopelessness as the stern old sexton responded to Bessie's pleading with the harsh reply: "Child, take your gold and jewels. All my life of service Curfew has rung as surely as the sun has set. Not even to save your lover's life dare I set aside this ancient custom!"

Ah! then she felt the heart-questionings of Bessie. Was she to see her lover die? Was there no hope? Was there no possible way of averting his fate? And as the answer came it produced a joy that was twin sister to pain in its suffocating ecstasy. As the sexton swung open the door and turned towards the belfry rope she saw Bessie spring in, and dashing up the slimy and foul steps of the tower, hasten with breathless speed towards the belfry above. Just as she saw her on the platform over which the bell swung, the sexton began to pull the rope. Slowly the wheel revolved, and in another moment the clapper would have tolled out the first note of Curfew, when Bessie grasped it, and, her lover's life depending upon the firmness of her hold, she saw her swing out into space as she sobbed out: "Curfew must not, shall not, ring tonight." And how she rejoiced with Bessie, even in her thrilling danger, as she swung to and fro, that the old sexton's deaf ears could not warn him that no sound was coming from the bell as the result of his labor. When the swinging of the bell had ceased she saw, with streaming eyes, poor Bessie, faint and white with pain, look at her bruised and bleeding hands and arms where they had been cruelly dashed upon the brazen circle of the bell. Then she saw the loving maiden, tottering and uncertain of step, find her way down the belfry stairs, and again wend her way to Cromwell's camp, meet the great general, tell her story, show her bruised and injured hands, and plead with him for her lover's life. And what joy soothed her sympathetic little soul, even though it was all in her dreams, when she saw Cromwell write and sign the mandate that bade his soldiers let Basil Underwood go free.

Think of a maiden's slumber haunted by visions like these; try to realize the emotions that chased each other through her tender heart. Recall that she was naturally prone to express her thoughts in verse. Yet remember also, that she was but a child, scarce budded into maidenhood, and that her parents were so poor that the slate was the only means they could provide her with for writing down the lines that clamored for expression within her.

When morning came her mother saw that her eyes were still heavy, as though she had either slept little, or her sleep had been disturbed with haunting dreams. Knowing her child's tendency to write in preference to studying her lessons she cautioned her to give special heed to the commands of her teacher, hence, when she came back home at night and told her mother that the teacher had had to rebuke her for her inattention, she was not surprised that her mother urged her, with more than usual fervor, to leave all reading that night; forbade her writing any "poetry," and insisted that all the evening be spent on mastering the neglected arithmetic lessons.

Remorsefully and perfectly in accord with her mother's commands—for Rose knew that the rebukes of teacher and mother were justified—she promised obedience, and sat down by the fireside, earnestly and sincerely desirous of doing only what she had promised.

But there are times when the Godhood within us is more powerful than our wills and more compelling than our promises to parents, teachers, kings and potentates. Poor Rose was to learn this now. For, in spite of everything, her pencil began to move across the slate with a greater speed than it had ever moved before, and than arithmetic, spelling, history, grammar, or composition

had ever been able to bring about. It seemed like magic. Rose forgot promises, lessons, the house in which she lived, the Indiana of her birth. She was transplanted to England, and as the pictures of the night before came back to her excited brain she wrote in her childish and unformed, yet legible hand:

BESSIE AND THE CURFEW

England's sun was setting, behind the hills so far away,
Filled the land with mystic beauty, at the close of that sad day.

Mrs. Thorpe's own account of the way Bessie intruded upon her mathematical endeavors was thus related in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* of June 5, 1887.

The figures became a confused unintelligible jumble of meaningless characters; but clearly and distinctly before my mental vision arose these words: "Curfew must not ring tonight." Again and again I resolutely banished them, but they returned persistently, until in sheer desperation I swept the exasperating figures from my slate and wrote "England's sun was slowly setting." Rapidly flew my pencil, with sharp, regular clicks, down the surface of my slate, but faster the thoughts came, crowding into my throbbing brain, while all my being seemed on fire with the triumph of impulse over duty. Which was duty? The unlearned lesson or the completed poem? I was conscience-smitten when my mother looked in at the door to inform me that a young friend had called. "Oh mother," I cried, "please excuse me for a few moments. I must finish this," and she, thinking I desired to complete my lesson (for I still held the arithmetic in my hand), excused me to my friend for a few minutes.

Again she returned to her poem and when it was finished, her mind slowly came back to her Michigan home. Looking around, she saw she was by her own fireside, and the slate in her hands was supposed to bear the evidence of her finished lessons.

These, alas, were untouched. Again she recalled the promise she had made to her mother. Alas! She had broken her word; the lessons were not done, and it was nearly bedtime. Repentant and appalled at her naughtiness Rose rushed, with tears, to her mother: "Oh! mother dear, I can hardly believe it, but I could not help it. I didn't intend to deceive you. I did just what I promised you I would not do. I sat down with the full intention of writing nothing but my lessons, and before I knew it, these verses came and I *had* to write them. Just let me read them to you, then I will wash them off my slate, forget them and do my lessons."

Seeing her child so full of repentance, the wise mother uttered no rebuke, but listened as Rose read what she had written. When she had read it all the young author, in her abasement at having forgotten her promise, was about to erase the lines, but her mother stayed her hand. "Wait awhile, child, let them stay on your slate until morning. Never mind your lessons. I think I would like you to write those verses on paper tomorrow so that we may keep them."

Happy that her mother did not chide her Rose went to bed. In the morning the poem was transcribed and thus saved for the pleasure and delight of the world.

There is a little question here as to whether this first transcription on paper was made in a small blank book which, either at this time or later, her mother bought for her, or on a strip of the long white paper ribbon is rolled on. Rose's story of this book and the white ribbon paper is as follows:

When I was about sixteen years of age I persuaded my mother to invest fifty cents in a blank book for the preservation of my poetic fancies. It was a great favor to ask. I fully realized the magnitude of my request, also that fifty cents was a vast amount of money in a family of seven, where a tailor's needle must supply the needs of all. It may be that she recalled the record of my childhood days, when,

as sometimes happened at rare intervals, a cent apiece would be distributed among the children to be expended as our inclination dictated. Oh, wondrous event of those early times, when, with clean, stiff-starched sunbonnets, bright, sunny faces fairly bubbling over with joyous anticipations, with each respective cent treasured carefully in a closed, brown palm, we filed demurely into the village store, and with consequential importance purchased—for the rest—a cent's worth of candy, a cent's worth of chewing-gum, a cent's worth of peanuts. But never such trivial things for *me*. Invariably my cent purchased a sheet of foolscap writing paper. I do not remember that my precious cent was ever squandered in any other way, even in those earlier years, before I had learned to write and could only print my little rhymes and stories in conspicuous and painstaking capitals. The cents did not find their way into my possession often enough to supply the ever-increasing demand for paper, consequently I was obliged to write in the white sand and in the pure, new-fallen snow. I haunted the milliners' stores for the paper in which ribbon had been rolled. My writings were finely illustrated and elaborately colored with the petals of flowers and the green of leaves. I undertook at one time to publish an illustrated magazine, issued weekly, which was a gratuitous contribution to some of my school friends who appreciated my talent as a story-teller. The paper supply "falling short" after the blank leaves from our school books had all been utilized, the enterprise, so enthusiastically begun, was sorrowfully abandoned, but the continued stories were completed orally.

I am inclined to believe that the verses were first transcribed on the milliners' ribbon paper, and later into the book. This precious little book is before me as I write. It is only a common blank book, bound in leather with paper board sides, the paper of a pale blue tint, and in it is "Curfew," sandwiched between many other of the poetic effusions of Rose's girl days. The two pages that contain "Curfew" however, are of chief interest. The poem is dated April 5, 1867, and one can see the child in the spelling. We have "mistic," "tryed," "sollam," "murmer," "gased," "whare," "too and frow," "lader," "awfle," "beneth," "tounge," "stoped," "swang," "too and froe," "funearrel," "beeting," "siezed" for ceased, "sweiping," "steped," "siers," "cryed," "twords," "geathered," "seigned."

Here, too, is a stanza, the last one, which was never published as written. Yet it is interesting to see this first impulse of the young poet, and now, with her permission, I publish it. And, as the original hand writing of the poem's author will surely prove interesting to many, it is reproduced in exact facsimile, with the extra and unused stanza attached.

When I asked Mrs. Thorpe to allow me to republish this facsimile of her famous poem she hesitated awhile. There were several reasons why, one of which was the poor spelling. I have noticed this spelling purposely, for there are critics today even, who would condemn a poem submitted to them were the spelling no better than this. "They strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." Of course, it is well that one, young or old, should know how to spell properly, but let us never forget that spelling is a mere mechanical thing, and of secondary or tertiary importance, while the ability to write, to think, to compose is *the* thing, the matter of primary importance.

There is now an interesting hiatus in the story. "Curfew" was written and transcribed in the book. Doubtless Rose and her mother once in awhile read it over, and it is easy to conceive that now and again its blushing young author was called upon to read or recite it to adoring, envying or jealous neighbors when they came to call. But no one dreamed of the fame the poem was to bring. Greater and more famous writers have been equally unaware. Rudyard Kipling threw his "Recessional" into the waste-basket, from whence it was rescued by his more discerning wife, and Elbert Hubbard never dreamed that his "Message to Garcia" was to carry his name to the ends of the earth. Joaquin Miller little conceived of the worth of his poem, "Columbus,"

April 5 - 1867

Bessie and the Curfew.-

Englands sun was setting, behind the hills so far away,

Filled the land with music beauty, at the close of that sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead, of a man, and maiden fair,

He with steps so slow and weary, she with sunny floating hair,
He with bowed head sad and thoughtful, she with lips so cold & white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, Curfew must not ring to-
night,

Heard the marden slowly, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, Wall so damp & stark & cold,
His a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh,
Cromwell will not be here till sunset, and her face grew strangely bright,
As she spoke in husky whispers, Curfew must not ring tonight,

Maiden, calmly spoke the d^o, every word pierced her young heart,
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a heavy poisoned dart,
Maid, for years I've rung the curfew, from that gloomy shadowed tower,
Every evening just ere sunset, it has told the twilight hour,
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I will not miss it, Girl, the curfew rings tonight,

Cold and rigid grew each feature, white and whiter grew the brow,
As within her hearts deep center, Bessie made a solemn vow,
She had listened while the judges, read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die,"
And the breath came fast and faster, while the face grew strangely white,
One low murmur firmly spoken, curfew must not ring tonight,

Then with feet so light and airy, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod in days of yore,
Paused she not within the doorway, but with cheek and brow aglow,
She gazed up the gloomy tower, where the bell rang too and fro,
Climbed she up the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still forever upward, curfew shall not ring tonight,

She has reached the top most ladder, o'er her hung the great dark bell,
And the ample gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell,
See the ponderous tongue is swaying. 'Tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stop'd her breath & paled her brow,

Should she let it ring? No never, her eyes flashed with sudden light,
As she sprang and clutched it firmly, curfew shall not ring tonight;

Out she swung, far out, the City seemed a tiny speck below,
I have twist'd heaven and earth suspended, As the Bell swung too & fro,
And the deaf old S ringing, had not heard for years the Bell,
And he thought that twilight curfew, sang young Basil's funeral knell,
Still the Maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so white,
Still'd her bosoms fearful beating, curfew shall not ring tonight.

It was e'er the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden step'd once more
Firmly on the old damp ladder, where for hundreds years before,
Human foot had not been planted, And what she this night had done
Should be told in ages after; as the last rays of the sun,
Lit the sky with tender beauty, Gray haired sires with heads of white,
Tells to children why the curfew, did not ring that one dark night;

On the distant hills came Cromwell, Blaise saw him and her brow,
Lately white with sickning horror, gleams with sudden beauty now,
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn,
And her face so pale and haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with a tender light
So your lower lives, cried Cromwell, Curfew shall not ring tonight.

Quickly towards the distant prison, the way was near so long before,
There she saw the gathered people, waiting at the prison door,
Waiting now to hear the curfew, At whose sound Basil must die,
But the maiden saw him only, and with glowing cheek and eyes,
She sprang to his noble bosom, crying, Basil you are free,
Take the Paper, Cromwell resigned it, his own writing there you see,
Gently pushed he back the ringlets, kissed the brow so pure and white,
As she whispered smiling sadly, curfew did not ring tonight;

until Tennyson declared it was the greatest poem, expressive of a nation's destiny, ever penned.

Rose's poem remained in the little blank book until fate forced its publication in the year 1870, in the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser*, and it happened in this wise. A year or more before the poem was written Rose had had the great delight of sending one of her early efforts to this paper, having it accepted, and seeing it in print. The editor wrote, saying he was unable to pay her for more of her verses, but, if she would continue to send them, he would gladly send her the paper—subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Rose was happy enough to fly. A newspaper worth \$1.50 a year for her verses! How proud she was! For, let it not be forgotten, she was but a child. The accompanying picture, made from a daguerrotype, shows her appearance at this time. Mobile mouth, the eyes of a dreamer, lofty and broad forehead, yet who would have guessed that this unformed maiden had dashed off, while she should have been "doing her lessons," a ballad that should ring throughout the English-speaking world more, perhaps, than any other ever written, should be translated into many tongues, and thrill more hearts, cause more tears of sympathy to be shed, and be used to illustrate more sermons than history could ever record?

The idea seems never to have entered her mind to send the poem to a publisher. It was not the kind of verse the *Commercial* had asked for. These, she wrote as a pleasing task. But she was taken ill with typhoid fever. Her poem for that week was already written, so it was sent and appeared in due time. The following week, however, she was too ill to write one, so she copied out "Curfew," and sent it with an apology, explaining that her illness prevented her from writing the expected poem, but she sent this instead.

It is doubtful whether the editor grasped the significance of his act when he published it. Anyhow he "accepted the apology" *and the poem*, and it occupied Rose's usual corner. But the world soon knew what Rose and the editor had done. Paper after paper copied the ballad, until all the Eastern States, all Canada, had read it, and boys and girls were reciting it, preachers, teachers, elocutionists, and platform orators were quoting it in part or entire, with such dramatic fire and gesture as they deemed most appropriate.

It was in this first publication that Rose was instinctively led to leave off the extra stanza reproduced above. The poem was longer than those she generally sent to the *Commercial*, so, to keep these lines a little nearer the required *shortness*, she cut off the extra stanza and let the poem end with Cromwell's declaration:

Go, your lover lives; Curfew shall not ring tonight.

Even yet, however, the young poet did not know what Fate had done for her. Quietly the poem was winning its own way, and in 1874, Rossiter Johnson, then living in Rochester, New York, decided to publish a volume entitled *Waifs and Their Authors*, to consist of poems of popularity and power, that, however, had only appeared hitherto as fugitive verse in the columns of current and, some of them, little-known, newspapers.

By this time Rose had married and had become Mrs. E. C. Thorpe, and a baby girl had come to her. Yet she was the same child-hearted creature, still a dreamer, still unfamiliar with the doing of business, and still totally unaware of the commercial value of her work. So, when Mr. Johnson, struck by "Curfew's" power and beauty, wrote and asked for particulars as to the writing of the poem, and expressed a wish to publish it, Mrs. Thorpe gave

him the required information and permission. But in telling her story she raised a grave doubt in the mind of the man who afterwards was to become noted as a critic and editor. She, when a sixteen-year-old school girl write that famous ballad? It seemed impossible, and he refused to believe it until she sent to him the new stanza which she had decided should take the place of the one which she had rejected. This reads as follows:

Wide they flung the massive portals, led the prisoner forth to die,
 All his bright young life before him, 'neath the darkening English sky;
 Bessie came with flying footsteps, ayes aglow with lovelight sweet,
 Kneeling on the turf beside him, laid his pardon at his feet.
 In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face upturned and white,
 Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me, Curfew will not ring tonight!"

Nor was this the only experience of the kind. At a later date the bold claim was made of English authorship for the poem, several persons asserting they had seen it in an old English reader before Mrs. Thorpe claimed to have written it. But, though repeatedly challenged to produce the book, or find its professed author, neither one nor the other has ever appeared. Needless to say they never will.

This publication, by Mr. Johnson, was but one of many. Every book of *Popular Recitations* contained it, and it grew in public favor, the more it was heard and read, the mere echoes of which scarcely reached the ears of its author, who was having her own struggles and difficulties to overcome, and hard problems to solve, to which I shall refer later.

Now I come to one of the less pleasing features of this interesting story. It deals with man's duplicity, cupidity, selfishness and greed. The law provides for the protection of literary property the same as any other, but what could a young country girl, even though a married woman, know of such things. Her father and husband were equally ignorant. What should a country tailor or a carriage builder know of how to copyright a poem? None of them knew, and no one told them. Not even the Boston publishers, who, in 1881 realizing the popularity of the poem, wrote and asked if they might publish it. They wanted permission, they said, because they intended to have certain noted artists illustrate it, at considerable expense, and without such permission they did not care to proceed. The unsophisticated country woman, never dreaming of the property value of her poem, felt proud and honored by this distinguishing mark of the consideration and condescension of the great Boston publishers, and in writing a ready permission suggested that they use the additional and last verse which she herewith enclosed. Not a word was said by either party about copyright, for, as I have already fully explained, Rose and her family were absolutely ignorant of such matters.

On receipt of this reply, the gentlemanly and honorable publishers proceeded to get out the poem, with its illustrations, but before issuing it coolly copyrighted, not alone their illustration (which they certainly had a right to copyright), but the *whole poem*, to which they had no more right than they had to the crown jewels of England. Knowing its probable value in this handsomely illustrated form, these men deliberately appropriated it. They knew it was likely to bring them thousands of dollars, possibly hundreds of thousands.

One would have thought that even cold-blooded business men would have had their consciences touched when they saw the swelling of their coffers by this act of theirs, and that they would have offered, of their own initiative, some small recompense to the author. But no! Instead, she assures me that

she was made to pay—wholesale rates, of course—for every copy she received from them, even though she bought them by the hundred.

Nor is this all! Not content with this act, these "keen business men" went further. An English firm, Caruthers Brothers, announced through their American agent that they were about to put on the English and American markets a very handsomely illustrated edition of the poem, superior in every way to anything yet produced.

Immediately Lee & Shepard, the Boston publishers, through their lawyer, wrote to the English firm, asserting they had purchased the copyright from the author and threatening legal proceedings if the book was issued. Caruthers Brothers, by return mail, sent this letter to Mrs. Thorpe, asking if this was so. Here was the first intimation the innocent woman had ever received that the word "copyright" in the books meant that the Boston publishers had done more than she expected them to do, viz., copyright their own property,—the illustrations. Had she even now consulted a lawyer some redress might have been obtained, but she was too ignorant of law to understand this. At the same time, too, the situation was made harder by her receiving another letter from Lee & Shepard's lawyer, stating that *as they had purchased the copyright from her*, they positively refused to allow Caruthers Bros. to publish the poem, and would appeal to the law to protect their rights. The wolf appealing to the law to protect it in its right to the fleece of the lamb it had shorn. For it must be remembered they were yearly shipping numbers of copies of the poem for sale in England, and did not want an edition to be issued on the other side of the Atlantic, as that would materially reduce their own profits, and yet not one cent of these gains was ever turned over to Mrs. Thorpe.

Naturally the English firm dropped the matter, and any royalties Mrs. Thorpe might have received from them were lost. In a lawyer's hands it is possible something might have been done, but there were too many other pressing demands being made upon Mrs. Thorpe's time, health, and scant purse to allow this thought any lodgement in her mind.

How different from the treatment that should have been accorded her. The Boston publishers, seeing her innocent childlikeness, should have protected her in her rights; have given her the information needed for her protection, and, as honorable gentlemen, shared the proceeds with her.

This is what one English publisher did. Some friends, who had been to England, brought her an exquisitely gotten-up copy of her poem, bearing the imprint of John Walker, of London, who, doubtless, had gained his right to publish from Lee & Shepard. Mrs. Thorpe was so delighted with it that she sent a \$5 bill to Mr. Walker, saying she had no idea of the price, but would he kindly send her as many copies as this amount would buy. By return mail came a letter, returning her money and saying that he was sending her, with his compliments, two hundred copies, and that if she desired more she was to write at once and let him know. These were copies ranging in price from \$1.25 to \$4 each.

Many honors have come to the poet as the result of her easily-gained fame, none, however, pleasing her more than the honorary degree of Master of Arts, conferred upon her by one of the fine old educational institutions of Michigan, her home state for so many years. The degree was accompanied by the following letter:

"HILLSDALE COLLEGE,
"HILLSDALE, MICH., June 22, 1883.

"MRS. ROSE HARTWICK THORPE,
"Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Dear Madam:

"Allow me to announce to you that upon the recommendation of the faculty, the trustees of this college voted unanimously to confer upon you the honorary degree of *Master of Arts*. Hoping that the author of "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight"—a poem which will never allow the name of its author to die—will accept this kindly token of recognition, I am,

"Sincerely yours,

"D. W. C. DURGIN, President."

Like all other popular writers, Mrs. Thorpe has had the experience of learning many things from the newspapers about herself that *were not so*. For instance, she says:

A very interesting and flowery article on my school life at Hillsdale College, and success as a writer at the time, was once published in a leading Chicago paper, with so vivid and realistic a description of my beautiful home and home-life of luxury and indulgence, that the reading of the article brought tears of regret into my eyes; regret that the enchanting, delightful life depicted as mine, was mine only in imagination. I was never a student at Hillsdale College.

Year by year added to the fame and popularity of the poem, and about two years before the great World's Fair in Chicago, say in 1891, a man appeared at Litchfield who seemed to have plenty of leisure and money, and nothing much to do. He chatted with everybody he met, but didn't seem to be much interested in anything until the names of the Hartwicks, or Thorpes, or Rose, was mentioned. Then he was wide-awake, alert and intent. He "said nothing to nobody" about what he was there for, but on several occasions sought out Rose's teacher and got her to tell him all she could recall of her pupil's life. Soon afterwards he disappeared, and a week or two later there appeared in the *New York Sun* several columns of stories of the life of the girlish author of "Curfew." Thus her fame spread.

This also led to another honor being conferred upon her which Mrs. Thorpe highly prized. The women of Litchfield were much elated and delighted at the notice their city had received through the *Sun* articles. It was also good for business, as many people came to see the place where the memorable poem was born. So they decided to be represented at the World's Fair, and they chose for that purpose to make a banner representing "Curfew" and its author. When Miss Turrell, the secretary of the Litchfield committee, informed Mrs. Thorpe of this fact, she received a letter from which I extract the following:

I cannot tell you how this graceful recognition from my dear old home touches me. Of the many honors conferred upon me during the past twelve years, there is nothing I appreciate more than this, coming as it does from the friends and acquaintances of my girlhood and early womanhood.

The banner decided upon was quite an expensive affair, made of silk and gold bullion, etc. It was to cost \$300. To raise this money the women of the town pinched and saved, sold now a dozen eggs, now a pound of butter, yet when the time for placing the banner arrived they were still \$30 short of the \$300 needed. A friend advanced the money, the banner was made, and before the fair was over the \$30 was raised and paid back.

At the close of the fair this banner was sent to San Diego, and the Woman's Club was deputed to present it to Mrs. Thorpe. This interesting

ceremony took place in her home in the presence of a large number of friends. The president of the club, Mrs. Riddell, made the presentation speech, as follows:

Never in all the history of the world has more honor been given to woman than in this Columbian year, 1893. In every part of the great Exposition woman was duly recognized. From the ingenious little woman artist who skillfully molded butter into artistic form up through every phase of highest art woman has had her representation and received her meed of praise. From the highest platform a "reform" calling for the noblest efforts of heart and brain down to the mere accident of birth, she has had her representation and received her meed of praise. In short, women are making history, and the future generations will scarcely be able to say that the women of this year were honored for any one characteristic, but rather that the world was broad enough to honor all women and each for the best effort she ever made, no matter in what direction. In the closing of this historical year, in the hallowed Christmas month when mothers are telling the precious story of the Christ child, it is well for women to honor their own sex.

Some years ago, a slender dark-eyed girl in Litchfield, Mich., wrote upon her slate the story of an English girl saving her lover's life. The story, told in rhyme, has lived, and many a loyal impulse has been stirred to life by the pathos of its lines.

When the good people of Litchfield looked about them for something to represent them at the great world's fair nothing seemed to them so great as the poem of that little girl. They made them a banner, with loving hands, and draped in their Michigan Building at the world's fair it told its story of loyalty, earnestness and truth. They forward that banner to us, for the girl is to a woman grown and lives with us. O, poet soul!

Small wonder is it that you should drift to this sunny Southland, and on one of its sunniest slopes build you a home. Warm as the sun shining on your lemon and vine is the good cheer you dispense to neighbor and friend. Gentle as the tempered wind from the bay is the influence of the literature that flows from your pen. The Women's Club of San Diego, in presenting to Rose Hartwick Thorpe the banner from the women of Michigan, wish to add this tribute to her fame: No word she has ever spoken, no line she has ever written, has influenced a soul for ill.

The question is often asked as to whether there is any foundation in history for the poem. Its great circulation in England ultimately brought it to the attention of Queen Victoria, with whom it became a favorite. This fact, in itself, was enough to lead important and learned historians to desire to investigate and find out whether there was any foundation for the story. I do not recall the name of the eminent historian whose researches were successful. He found that the main events actually occurred at Chertsey, some twenty miles from London; the church still standing with its tower and bell as it had been for hundreds of years. The son of the Lord of the Manor was arrested as a spy, was actually condemned to death, and was saved by the action of his brave affianced who, by hanging on the clapper of the bell, prevented Curfew from tolling out its usual evening knell.

What matter that in the poem the youthful author followed errors of the writer of the story and made the steps of the ladder slimy when most probably the tower had its own stone steps and they were dry and musty rather than wet and slimy? What though Bessie did not "swing far out" over the city so that it "seemed a tiny speck below"? The girlish writer did instinctively what many a great and famous author has done with conscious intent, viz., violated the facts in order to produce the mental effect.

What though the critics say the sexton, even though deaf, would certainly have known that no sound was coming from the bell? What though we openly confess, "Of course he would, *had he been thinking anything about it, and on the alert, listening, to see whether anything was the matter!*" But he was so accustomed to the ringing of the bell that it had become a habit to which he paid absolutely no attention.

Then, too, the critics say it is absurd to suppose that the military authorities would have meant anything other than that Basil should die at the *hour* of Curfew, and that, therefore, the ringing of the bell could have had nothing whatever to do with the carrying out of the order of execution. Such criticism reflects the psychology of the critic, in that he applies to the old Puritan military authorities the workings of his own mind. To him "Curfew" would mean the *hour* of Curfew, whereas to them it meant actually what it said, "When Curfew rings Underwood dies!" They would have waited until doomsday, ere they would have carried out their order, unless the bell had actually rung. Furthermore, here again poetic license might be the plea offered in justification, and what Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Browning, and a score of other poets had done without apology, may well be allowed to a tyro in the art.

It is interesting to note that until about seven years ago the tower and bell of Chertsey Abbey remained as they had been for centuries. The bell is dated "East Circum, A. D. 1310," so for seven hundred years it has given forth of its warning sounds. Seven years ago, however, it was found that the oaken timbers which supported the bell were giving way, and it was decided to replace them. An enterprising manufacturer of the neighborhood purchased the decaying timbers, had a great number of porcelain bells made, imitative of the original bell and bearing the inscription "The Chertsey Abbey or Curfew Bell," and the date line above given, had the oak made into clappers, and then sold them as souvenirs. Thousands of them have been sold, possibly hundreds of thousands, for the poem is as popular as household words, and—here is the irony of fate—this maker and vendor of a mere souvenir, for which there never would have been the slightest demand had the poem not been written, has made more money out of its sale than Mrs. Thorpe has done from all the writing of her active and busy lifetime, including all returns from the Curfew poem itself, for these, as I have explained elsewhere, have been purely nominal.

From the parodies written upon the poem one might quote enough to fill a book. But the one that amused Mrs. Thorpe more than any other came as the result of a local quarrel over crowing roosters. More cities than one have had fights over the question of allowing people to keep crowing roosters in residence sections, but it is not every city that had so clever a parodist as this one. He wrote verse after verse recounting the irritations caused by the crowing roosters, winding up each stanza with the emphatic line:

"Rooster must not crow tonight!"

It was so witty and forceful that, it is well to add, it won the day for the advocates of quietness.

Then it was used in other "skits." For instance, the following appeared in the *New York Press* and was copied all over the country:

HER HAPPY RUSE

She eyed the clock, but like a rock
 He stayed and did not take his hat.
 Till half past ten he sat, and then
 Still sat and sat and sat and sat.

At last she stepped upon a chair,
 And said: "Attend, while I recite
 To you, while you are sitting there,
 'The Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight.'"

He shrank as if before a blow;
 "Excuse me, please," he tremblingly said;
 "It's getting late—I've got to go—"
 And then he fled.

As before related, Rose Hartwick was married September 11, 1871, to Edmund Carson Thorpe, at Litchfield, Mich., where they spent the first years of their wedded life. Three children were born to them, two, a girl and a boy, dying in infancy, and another daughter, Lulo, who grew up into healthy, happy womanhood. She is now Mrs. E. Y. Barnes, and lives in San Diego, the mother of three children who are the darlings of their grandmother's heart.

Those Litchfield years were years of great struggles, hardships, and privations to the young couple. Mr. Thorpe was a carriage-maker, and it was just at the time when firms like the Studebakers, and the makers of the Columbus buggies, were taking all the business in this line by their new methods of cooperative workmanship. This fact will help make clear what follows later in my narrative.

The question is often asked whether Mrs. Thorpe has written anything more than "Curfew." This question, in itself, demonstrates how fickle and transient a thing is fame. Because of its popular and universal appeal "Curfew" made friends all over the world. It happened to strike the responsive chords of the human heart. Had it not been for this one poem all the rest of her work would have passed as that of most writers do, unnoticed and unknown. Had she possessed the commercial instinct this one poem would have made her a rich woman. She would have copyrighted it; secured large royalties from its sale in this country and England, and in every country elsewhere into whose language it was translated. Then, when moving picture companies wished to use it she would have demanded—and secured—royalties there, and finally, she would have commercialized her fame as a writer, and secured other commissions for poems at a high price. Yet not one of these things did she do. Here is her own story as to how she "broke into" the general literary field. She begins it with a "confession" and an "apology," which show how she was influenced by the thought of the people around her:

The resolve to conquer my troublesome inheritance was not confined to my girlhood days; after I became a wife and mother the old battle was fought over many times, while the cravings of intellectual hunger remained unsatisfied or feasted at rare intervals, that I might vie with my neighbors as an exemplary housekeeper. I made few calls, consequently the time that others spent in social intercourse was my opportunity to become acquainted with both authors and their works. It was not accounted an unpardonable sin for a woman to read in that little country town; but writing savored of the "blue-stocking." Not altogether inexcusable in a girl, but the wife and mother who took her pen, except in letter correspondence, received severe condemnation from her acquaintances. Sometimes when I had accomplished an unusual amount of housework during the day, when the little ones were "tucked in bed" at night, I felt that I had earned an hour's companionship with my pen, but think how the weary body must have influenced the brain, and is it a wonder that I did so little really acceptable work during those long years? Once during that time of unsatisfactory struggle of duty against inclination, a little woman having ascertained where to find me, came to me from the great world beyond; the world that admired my poem extravagantly, it seemed to me. She was the first literary person I had ever met. She brought into my quiet life busy whiffs of my own enchanted dreams. She held the door of "my paradise" ajar, and revealed to me possibilities of the future; how I might assist my dear husband more effectually than by doing a servant's drudgery. The week after she left me I sent a poem to the *Youth's Companion*, and received my first check from the publishers. With all of her persuasions to the contrary, I considered it presumptuous for me to expect remuneration for my rhymes,

though "Curfew" had been popular for more than ten years and in two continents. I had written gratuitously for years, but not until then had I received any reward for my labors.

My first successful venture encouraged me to try again, and in a short time I had received checks from *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, the *Detroit Free Press*, and several other publications that found my poems available. They seemed like little fortunes to us, those "fives" and "tens" dropped into our tired, hard-working lives.

The full story of the sending out of that first poem has never yet been told. Here it is. Their residence was above the carriage factory. Her daughter was then about six years old and Mrs. Thorpe had her to care for, and a husband who was far from well, overworked and poor, and she herself was a wreck physically. Then came a catastrophe. Though her husband was working every day until late into the night, a stroke of ill fortune, coming atop of the business depression referred to, made them lose even the little they had. The agony of mind rendered Mrs. Thorpe so sick that she became an invalid and for long, weary months was confined to her bed. During most of this time their food was prepared and the house cared for as well as it could be by the loving faithfulness and brave cheerfulness of the six-year-old daughter. For, although her husband was far from well, he kept resolutely at work, doing the best he could to preserve a little business from the wreck that seemed inevitable.

As the mother lay there, helpless, upon her couch, the thought came: "I have given the world a poem it has enjoyed and delighted in. Never a cent has come to me from it. Now I am in need. Never has my mind been clearer than it is today. I'll send a poem to an editor, then put it up to God as to whether we are to be forgotten, and wait for the answer."

Mrs. Thorpe's best recollection is that this "test poem" was sent to *The Interior*, a religious weekly, published in Chicago. Then she sent another to *St. Nicholas*, and still another to *The Youth's Companion*, and she fully decided in her own mind that any return from any one of these three poems she would regard as God's voice of cheer, comfort and encouragement. The days and weeks passed. One day, as she lay upon her couch, in pain of both body and mind, wondering why no reply came from the editors, yet still hoping that God had not forsaken them, she heard the downstairs door slam, and someone coming tearing up the stairs at great speed. It was her husband. He dropped down beside her and said: "I have something that will make you happy," at the same time handing her an opened envelope from the Chicago editor, containing a check for \$2.00.

"Thank God!" Mrs. Thorpe exclaimed. "He has spoken. We can get someone to help us for two weeks with this two dollars."

The same day came another check for \$5.00, from New York, and another from Boston for \$10.00. Thus her prayers were answered, and courage given to work ahead in the literary field. More poems were sent out, and at one time there was sixty dollars in the treasury that came all at once, but never, not even with her largest check, was there the satisfaction and delight that she felt with that first check for two dollars.

But while she was doing a little with her literary work, things were growing daily worse with her husband's business, and in 1881 they decided to give it up and turn the whole thing over to their creditors.

Just at this time a lady writer and newspaper reporter from Chicago called upon Mrs. Thorpe for a story, and learning her need, urged her to go to that city, where she would introduce her to Fleming H. Revell, a rising bookseller and publisher.

She went, and when the two were leaving the office Mr. Revell asked her to leave some of the stories and poems she had brought and call upon him the following day. Then, having maneuvered to get the reporter out of hearing, he whispered to Mrs. Thorpe: "Come alone!"

The following day when she entered the store (alone, of course), the chief clerk met her, and said: "We sat in the office until ever so late last night reading your stories and crying over them like a lot of children!"

This sounded pleasing to Mrs. Thorpe's ears, and prepared her for the kind words Mr. Revell poured forth upon her work. He engaged her then and there as editor and writer on work of a rather unique character. Mr. Revell was a young man then, but had already begun to show the genius that has since enabled him to build up so large a business as he now controls. It was in the days before photo-engraving had come into use, and to have illustrations drawn and then made into cuts to use for magazines and papers was an expensive process, impossible to any publisher unless he had a large and paying circulation. In England, however, several popular monthlies were able to afford these luxuries. Mr. Revell saw in these an opportunity for himself. He succeeded in persuading the English publishers to sell him electrotypes of their illustrations and send them over to him each month. Many of the stories, however, were altogether unsuited to the American public. He decided, therefore, to seek an author and editor who had imagination enough to take these illustrations and write poems and stories to fit them, and for this work his choice fell upon Mrs. Thorpe. The proposition was made to her and she accepted it.

Not a high literary ideal, perhaps, the critic may exclaim, and I may candidly agree with him. Yet that does not imply that the work was not worth doing, and worth doing well. It called for a high order of ability to enable one to do it at all. So Mrs. Thorpe became the editor and chief author of *Temperance Tales*, *Well-Spring*, and *Words of Life*, all of them monthly publications devoted to the causes of temperance, the home, and Sunday School. In her case it was "Needs must where Necessity drives." Necessity in the form of a sick husband, a growing child, and the cares of a household were ever driving her. Her own health was frail, yet she had to buckle to, take the reins in her own hands and keep the household buggy from disaster. Day after day, month after month, after caring for her baby, and her sick husband, preparing the food and doing the housework, she turned to her writing. Under these adverse conditions she did her editorial work, and later wrote twelve serials for *Golden Days*, a periodical for young people published in Philadelphia.

While she was living in Chicago she had an interesting experience. At this time Judge Albion W. Tourgee, who wrote the famous book, *Bricks Without Straw*, was publishing a monthly periodical called *Our Continent*. Mrs. Thorpe and Tourgee were good friends, and she was a regular contributor to his magazine. One day she sent him a poem entitled "Wrecked." Immediately there came a letter in return, to the effect that her poem had given him the strangest experience of his whole literary life. Said he: "I have now, *in type*, a poem entitled "Wrecked," by the well-known author, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Your titles are alike, your names are alike, and the poems are somewhat alike."

He then suggested that she forward her poem immediately to some other editor and he would hold back the publication of the Lathrop poem for a

while. This Mrs. Thorpe did, and in due time received a check from the *Youth's Companion* for her poem.

This story was later the means of materially aiding a struggling writer. Mrs. Thorpe happened to tell the incidents to a friend, who lived in the East, and with whom she was visiting. Some time later, the *Saturday Evening Post* offered a prize for the story of the most interesting literary experience. Seeing this announcement, Mrs. Thorpe's friend wrote her, asking if she might use the story and begging her kindly to write it correctly for her. This was done, the story entered in the competition, and in due time won the prize.

For two years Mrs. Thorpe remained in Chicago doing her editorial work. Then her husband decided to remove to Grand Rapids, Mich., where a business opening appeared. She then gave up the editorial work, but still continued to write stories and poems for the illustrations sent to her. While this work was not highly remunerative, it was certain, and this meant a great deal to a shrinking, timid person. For, in speaking of her non-success as an author from the financial side, she says:

My financial success as an author has not been great, due, perhaps, in a measure, to my lack of confidence in my ability to write for the best paying publications. My pen brought me several hundred dollars yearly before my health failed, but very little of the work was purchased by the most popular publications, owing to my extreme sensitiveness in submitting my articles to them. I knew where the work would be available, though poorly remunerated, and to such publications it was sent. There was a time when a returned manuscript found its way immediately into the grate, as unworthy of further consideration, but I have learned better than that these later years. Often the rejected manuscript of one publication has been the most available at another, and gained the greatest popularity afterwards.

To illustrate this point, Mrs. Thorpe told me the following occurrence. She said: "I sent a short story once to a Philadelphia publisher. He returned it with a curt note in his own handwriting. (There were no typewriters in those days, and I knew his penmanship.) I felt it was a good story and could not understand his curt rejection, and I am free to confess it hurt me, for he had published several of my stories and had earnestly asked for more. Under the lash of my indignation I sent the story to a publisher across the street. In due time there came a letter of acceptance, but no check. When the check did come it was from the publisher who had rejected the story, and not from the one who had accepted it. A letter that followed the check explained that they had bought out the firm across the street, and finding an accepted story from her, not yet paid for, they had read it, found it most charming, and were glad to forward payment for it."

In writing of this experience, Mrs. Thorpe remarked:

This was something of a surprise to me. It is only one of the many peculiar experiences of any author's life proving conclusively that one person's judgment of an article has little to do with its literary merit (and Mrs. Thorpe might have said, its popular appeal). The same may be said of critics. One condemns what another approves. The song which captivates most hearts is not the scholar's studied production, crammed with superior wisdom, burdened with immense words, the language of which does not portray immensity of thought, but those simple heart touches, like the spontaneous warble of birds, which stoop to kiss away our tears; which join hands with us in our wanderings, and echo our every joy and sorrow. To accomplish the most acceptable public work, one must not be "swayed about" by censure or praise, other than "to see ourselves as others see us," may assist in the correction of our acknowledged faults.

The Thorpes did not stay long in Michigan, for tuberculosis seized Mr. Thorpe and his physician urged an immediate move to San Antonio, Texas. Here they resided for about four years, and they both rejoiced in the perfect

and complete recovery of Mr. Thorpe's health. He secured a position on the railroad that kept him out of doors almost the entire day, and this hastened his recovery.

An interviewer, during her residence in Texas, thus describes Mrs. Thorpe:

In person she is very tall, straight and slender, of a decided brunette type, and while the pallor of her complexion betrays delicate health, increased probably by literary toil, the bright glance of her large dark eyes expresses a high degree of intellectual activity. Her manners are genial to a marked degree, and not even the oft-repeated infliction of the too-inquisitive interviewer affects the equanimity of her temper.

Unfortunately, while the San Antonio climate had restored Mr. Thorpe to health, the moist heat of the Texas summers was unsuited to Mrs. Thorpe. Yet she wrote many interesting poems during her sojourn here, one of them, "Remember the Alamo," often being recited and quoted, and another beautifully setting forth the floral treasures of the State:

TEXAS FLOWERS

These are the flowers of Texas,
 When Spring, of fabled renown,
 Shakes her golden tresses down,
 And lavishly scatters her treasures
 Over fields and meadows brown.
 Sweet little Poppies in pink and white,
 Flapping their wide rimmed caps;
 Demure mother Lark-Spurs, holding tight
 The wee bud Spurs in their laps;
 Shy faced Verbenas in lavender;
 Rain Lilies, so prim and fair;
 The blossom fairies are all astir,
 And Roses bloom everywhere.
 These are the Texas blossoms,
 When Nature's heart throbs and beats
 With her glad pulsating sweets,
 That burst into bloom by the wayside,
 And crowd in the city streets;
 Pretty post-oak Pinks in scarlet gowns,
 Tall Yucca, a waxen tower;
 Primroses casting their yellow crowns
 At the feet of the Passion Flower;
 Blue Bonnets stand in the Pomegranate lane,
 While the mountains, stern and bare,
 With Cactus blossoms are all aflame,
 For the flowers are everywhere.

Again they were compelled to move, and this time it was to San Diego, California. From a letter written to a San Antonio paper, dated September 4, 1887, we learn some interesting impressions of the City of the Silver Gate. Mrs. Thorpe said:

We feel confident that we shall regain our lost health here. We were favored with a most delightful journey, the previous rains had cooled the atmosphere and at no place, not even while crossing the great desert after leaving Yuma, did we suffer with the heat as at San Antonio. We were informed by the train conductor that we had an unusually cool and pleasant day for the journey across the desert. At Colton, California, we were obliged to put on heavy merino underwear and thicker clothes generally. We are now dressed as we would dress for winter there. The air is soft, balmy, and cool. The days are all like the loveliest of the whole San Antonio year, and we are told by old residents that they are a fair sample of the three hundred and sixty-five days which make up the San Diego year. We were favored with many solemn prophetic warnings against the health-destroying fogs of this coast city before coming here. We have sun and fogs. We dread them no longer. They

will not injure the weakest lungs. A thin, gray mist in the early morning through which one may see the hills three miles away, and which lifts from eight to nine o'clock. This morning at seven o'clock the sun kissed the distant hill tops, and in a quarter of an hour the whole country and rich blue water beyond was bathed in its genial warmth. When the sun's rays pierce the hazy fog-curtains the atmosphere is as dry as even San Antonio can boast of. The beauty of scenery and advantages of the city have been fully explained by the real estate men, and we will not attempt to compete with them in this respect. Their statements, according to our judgment, have not been overdrawn. Men of ambition and energy may find abundant employments here. Gold does not lie in the streets for indigent and unworthy hands to gather, but there is work for those who are willing to accept of it. Labor is even solicited, as our own experience can prove. Every one is busy, there are no street loungers. The sparkling eye, the elastic step, the brisk tone, the hurried movements, all speak of business activity. The rush and bustle are bewildering to one accustomed to a climate of siestas. Have seen no Mexicans or Indians or Negroes since our arrival. They may be here, but they are not on the streets. Judging from the appearance of things here one might venture to say that Americans take the lead in all things pertaining to San Diego. No foreign element can crowd them out or supersede them. There may be saloons; there certainly is real estate. It is the latter and not the former which thrusts itself upon one's notice. There is no room or place for indolence here; enterprise and energy soon crowd it out, when it is at liberty to return to other places and circulate damaging stories of the place which did not support it. Whoever can use a hammer need not go hungry in San Diego. Its busy ring sounds on all sides of us as we write. It echoes from hillside and valley, and elegant homes and majestic business blocks and warehouses and depots and vast hotels spring up beneath its sturdy blows. A little more than two years ago San Diego numbered three thousand inhabitants; there are not less than fifteen thousand today, and every train and ocean steamer coming into the depot or the harbor come loaded with new arrivals. Rents are very high. Dry goods and groceries about the same as San Antonio. Fruits and vegetables exceedingly cheap and fine.

To another Eastern paper she wrote more impressions of San Diego, in 1887, and these are worth preserving:

We have seen the snow in all its sparkling beauty on the hills of Michigan; have sweltered under the tropical skies of Southern Texas; have experienced the blizzards of the North and the "red-bugs" of the South; have been parched and frozen by turns, and we now conclude that when God placed Adam upon the earth in its most favored spot, that spot was San Diego, California. Not for its beauty of scenery, especially though where in all the earth has Nature unveiled such glorious panoramic views as spread out before the delighted gaze from Coronado Beach, Florence Heights, or any of the numerous elevations about the city, lying as it does between the mountains and the ocean. Not for its wealth of scenic display would this seem to have been the chosen location for that "earthly paradise," but for its perfection of climate. No cold-breathed "northerners" sweep across its hills, no frost blights its tender plants, no fervid heat. One glad perpetual Spring expanding and perfecting into Summer, wearing the somber tints of Autumn, but never the icy winding sheet of Winter. Such is the climate that is luring all peoples to seek a home in this "Eden of America." Lying on the sparkling, sunlit bay, with the grand old ocean just beyond, with a harbor of unrivalled excellence, San Diego is destined to become a metropolis in the near future. With all the grandeur of its ocean views it escapes much of the annoyance of those dense fogs which visit other coast cities. With bold Point Loma on the West and North, like a gigantic arm thrust out in to the ocean, a wall of protection and defense for the city at its base, shielding it from the fierce north winds and holding the fogs at bay. Beyond those highlands the fogs may be seen rising in dense clouds and darkening the far-off sky, while the city basks in the warmth of genial sunshine. To be sure some of the fogs reach us, but, at most, they are only a thin mist soon pierced and lifted by the warm sun rays.

Mrs. Thorpe has lived long enough in San Diego to see many of her prophecies and hopes come true. This enterprising City of the Silver Gate, whose Harbor of the Sun is the first port of call on the United States' western coast for vessels coming through the Panama Canal, has just concluded its successful run of a great International Exposition *for two years*—a feat never before attempted, I believe, by any city in the world. She has seen its popu-

lation increase to over a hundred thousand; a railroad almost completed, giving it direct Eastern railway communication; the desert region of its "back country" converted by means of the waters of the Colorado River into the agricultural marvel of the world—the Imperial Valley; its equable climate so recognized that both the Government and the Curtiss Aviation Schools are firmly and permanently established there. She has seen the great and beautiful buildings of the Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the guidance of Katherine Tingley, rise into oriental glory, and surrounded by a flower garden and planted forest scarce equalled in the world. Here, too, Madame Tingley built the first open-air California Theater, rivaling in native attractions any one of the open-air theaters of Ancient Greece. She has seen one of the colossal hotels of modern civilization—Hotel Del Coronado—rise above the sands, facing the Pacific; an open-air stadium built for the people of San Diego, capable of seating nearly forty thousand people; and the only open-air organ of the world donated to its people by one of its most enterprising citizens, John D. Spreckles. And she has loved the city the while,—as why should she not? Her own health perfectly restored, her husband in good health, and a fair degree of business prosperity given to them. Her husband's years of training and experience as a carriage-maker had made him skillful in the use of tools, and as the "boom" was on when he arrived in San Diego, he found good-paying work from the start. His practice in designing carriages made him almost a natural architect from the beginning of his attempts, and with the aid of his wife he planned some of the finest houses of the earlier modern San Diego. He then contracted and built them. Pacific Beach, a suburb of San Diego, was their residence for several years, and also the charming La Jolla-by-the-Sea, and in both of these places there are many houses of his planning and erection. He was elected to the City Council, which position he held for five years, and could have remained in office almost at will, so highly was he esteemed by his fellow-citizens.

After many years of happiness together, the call for separation came quite suddenly. On Thursday, November 16, 1916, Mrs. Thorpe left her husband on the street, in his automobile, to go to the Joaquin Miller Day celebration at the Exposition, in order to meet Miss Juanita Miller, the daughter of the poet. Less than half an hour afterwards she was called home to find her beloved companion had already "crossed the bar" and had met his Pilot "face to face." It was one of his great joys that the Exposition had honored his wife by naming a Day for her, and he was anticipating its ceremonies with pleasure.

He, personally, had considerable literary ability, which, had he cared to cultivate it, would have made him famous. He had a special penchant for writing the broken English of a Dutchman, and some of his lubrications are decidedly clever. For instance, here are his lines on

DOT BACIFIC PEACH FLEA

Oh, dot flea, dot flea,
 Dot schump-buggery flea,
 Vot schumps und viggles und bites,
 He skips von side oop,
 Und der under side down,
 Und keepen me avake effry nights.

He climbs on der ped,
 Und stands on hees head,
 Und cuts oop all manner ouf pranks,
 Und ven I got oop,
 Dot pooger to schoop,
 Mine vrow, she calls me some cranks.

Right avay, pooty qvick,
 I vas schleeping so schlick,
 As schoost never vas, maypee,
 Und mine vrow she schump oud,
 Und vent schlappin apoud,
 Und I dinks her vas gotten dot flea.

After her arrival in California, for a while Mrs. Thorpe did little writing, until a burden came upon her. Her father became very ill, indeed lost his mind for a time; at the same time a friend died and left her young daughter in Mrs. Thorpe's care. The child had been almost untrained, and the duty of disciplining her and at the same time raising enough money to give her beloved father the care he needed, while attending to her own household and still not too strong husband, were not aids to great literary endeavor. Yet she bravely started in and wrote a story of California life, which was published in the *Happy Days* of Philadelphia.

In addition she wrote several descriptive poems, setting forth the charms of the region, several of which are herewith reproduced:

MISSION BAY

Beyond the bay the city lies,
 White-walled beneath the azure skies,
 So far remote, no sounds of it
 Across the peaceful waters flit.
 I watch its gleaming lights flash out,
 When twilight girds herself about
 With ocean damps. When her dusk hair
 Wide-spread fills all the salt sea air,
 And her slow feet,
 Among the fragrant hillside shrubs,
 Stirs odors sweet.

Fair Mission Bay,
 Now blue, now gray,
 Now flushed by sunset's after glow,
 Thy rose hues take the tint of fawn
 At dawn of dusk and dusk of dawn.

On another occasion she wrote of the same bay:

MISSION BAY

God's placid mirror, Heaven crowned,
 Framed in the brown hills circling round
 Not envious that thy sister can
 More fully meet the needs of man,
 Nor jealous that her broader breast
 Is sacrificed at man's request,
 While in the shelter of her arm
 The storm-tossed resteth safe from harm.

This thy grand mission, Mission Bay—
 To smile serene through blue or gray;
 To take whatever God has sent,
 And teach mankind full content.
 Low swaying pepper boughs; blooms of magnolia;
 Summer and sunshine, and roses galore;
 Song of the mocking bird,
 Morning and evening heard;
 Murmurous waves breaking white on the shore.

Fogs marching up from the breast of the ocean;
 Languorous moons sailing into the west;
 Fruitage of tree and vine,
 All the year summer time;
 Harbor of safety, and haven of rest.

The glorious flowers of California, with their wonderful profusion, could not fail to stimulate such an imagination as hers, and here is her poem entitled:

THE CALIFORNIA POPPY

Flowers of the West-land with calyx of gold,
 Swung in the breeze over lace-woven sod;
 Filled to the brim with the glory of God,
 All that its wax-petaled chalices can hold.
 This was the birth of it. On the brown plain,
 The sun dropped a kiss in the foot-prints of rain.

In addition to this she wrote one on the flowers as a whole:

HOW THE FLOWERS CAME

'Twas seed time in Heaven, the angel whose care
 Is for Eden's blossoms: that angel more fair
 Than all her fair sisters, twin spirits of air,
 That angel whose footsteps wherever they tread,
 Spring up into blossoms, blue, yellow and red;
 That angel whose teardrops, wherever they fall,
 Give birth to white lilies, the fairest of all;
 That angel whose breath is the perfume of flowers,
 Had spent all the jewel-gemmed, paradise hours
 Of the roseate morn where beauties unfold
 In calyx of crimson and purple and gold.
 Beside the great portals she paused and looked through,
 Down, down the vast distance, of star-lighted blue,
 Beheld the gray rocks, without beauty or bloom,
 And sighed for earth's children away in the gloom.
 "No beauty or bloom hath the children of woe;
 No brightness; no sweetness; my hand will bestow
 One heaven-born seed for their garden below,"
 She said as she loosened her girdle to find
 One seed which was fairest, and best of its kind.
 Her eager hand trembled, the girdle slipped through
 Her rosy-tipped fingers, and down through the blue,
 Down, down the vast distance, her golden seeds flew.
 Some caught in the crevice of rocks, others fell
 In lone desert places, by wayside and dell;
 On hills and in valleys; in forest and glen,
 To gladden and brighten the journeys of men.
 At the portals of heaven, with sorrowful face,
 The little flow'r angel looks out into space,
 In search of her treasures. Her tears, as they fall,
 Find all her lost seedlings, and water them all.

Here is her trustful EASTER SONG:

Awaken, sweet flowers!
 The snow in the valley has melted at last,
 And the desolate sights of the year is past;
 The ice chains are broken, and robins are singing—
 Awake to the call of the Easter bells ringing;
 Awaken, O heart!
 In bondage of sin thou hast slumbered so long,
 Arise in the beauty and rapture of song,
 Arise in the gladness of nature's adorning—
 Come forth in thy strength on this glad
 Easter morning.

Though a member of one of the so-called old orthodox churches, she has a broad outlook upon life. As I have shown, she is a strong and ardent advocate for prohibition and woman's suffrage, and her religious views are broad and tolerant. She has a growing and enlarging faith in the goodness of God. She feels that life's problems all disappear as we lose fear and are able to rest absolutely upon the promises of God. One of the poems that expresses her religious feeling she entitled "His Second Coming." This was written long before she had heard of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy or Christian Science. Long afterwards a Scientist desired a copy, which was given, and it was published in the *Christian Science Journal*. Soon afterwards a friend attended a Christian Science lecture in Chicago, where an audience of many thousands was assembled. After delivering a soul-stirring and eloquent address the lecturer closed with the last stanza of this poem:

And all the world over, the people
 Are spreading the blessing abroad,
 Are cleansing the depth of the fountain,
 Are climbing the heights of the mountain,
 Are waiting the coming of God!

In 1912 all her poems were gathered together in one handsome volume, and issued by the Neale Publishing Co. of New York.

Since then she has written but little, though on occasion a poem has come from her pen, as, for instance, when, at the Michigan Day exercises at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, held in Festival Hall, Mrs. Thorpe was one of the most honored of the great State's guests. At that time she read the following:

With face looking full in the face of the sun;
 With breath of the pines, and the lilac new blown,
 Our Michigan sits like a queen on the throne
 Where true worth has placed her. Her laurels all won
 By patient endeavor through wearisome years;
 By slow, but sure progress; hope conquering fears.

No indolent child of the tropics is she,
 But strong as the North winds that sweep o'er her breast,
 She garners new strength through ambitious unrest.
 With muscles firm-fashioned, heart loyal and free,
 She sits in her daisy-decked mantle of state,
 A sea at her Eastern and Wester'most gate.

Where Pontiac fought for his people's birthright,
 Grand forests have bowed, mighty waters have spanned;
 The elk, beaver and deer deserted the land
 When Civilization advanced in her might.
 The Wigwam has vanished and Temples of Art,
 Like blossoms have grown out of Michigan's heart.

Long past are her venturesome days of romance;
 Her cowslip-grown marshes are meadows of grain;
 Her orchards are countless on hillside and plain.
 From log hut to mansion her dwellings advance,
 With churches magnificent, schools at the van;
 Abreast of the times is our own Michigan.

To the needs of the world she opens her breast,
 At its call she yields the rich ore of her mines.
 She has wealth in factories, orchards and pines;
 In manifold blessings, abundantly blest,
 Successively crowned with snow-garlands and flowers,
 What State can excel her, this mother of ours?

We have come to the land where the sun goes down;
 Where a continent bends to the kiss of the sea;
 Where Winters are verdant and Summers are brown,
 We bask in its sunshine; but loyal are we
 To Michigan, home of our childhood afar,
 All honor to her for the best that we are.

One has but to look at her face to see that she is essentially a dreamer. Though a grandmother, there is the same preoccupation often revealed in her eyes that led her to write *Curfew* rather than her lessons. Indeed she often laughingly comments upon this feature of her character. She says: "I know I'm a dreamer. I am sure to forget the most important dish whenever I have company to dinner, and then I get so embarrassed that I do worse things."

It is interesting here to record some of the history of the little book in which "*Curfew*" was transcribed with the pen. For many years it was lost and practically forgotten. Then one day some friends of Mrs. Thorpe sent her a copy of the *Chicago Interocean* in which was the account of the finding, in an old house that was being renovated, of a trunk-full of children's treasures and old yellow papers, among them a book full of written verses, one of which was "*Curfew*," doubtless in the handwriting of its author. It was evident to Mrs. Thorpe that this was her long-lost manuscript book. Immediately she wrote to the lady in whose possession the book was said to be, offering to buy it at any reasonable price, as it contained the treasures of her girlhood. With the sweetest spirit imaginable the holder of the book sent it by return mail, saying that she had no desire to receive any financial emolument from the returning of a treasured book to its original owner; so today Mrs. Thorpe is happy in its possession.

This book is now before me. I am free to confess I should like to quote many little things from it, but its owner is rather sensitive about her early poetic effusions. It ought to be stated, however, that this book was supposed to be a diary which Rose was to write, rather than a repository for her verses. The diary, however, soon proved to be a hollow mockery, and the book was openly given up to nothing but verses and an occasional prose composition. One of these is full of tender thoughts about her mother, and another, written on her sixteenth birthday, is full of that vague, unsatisfied something that young girls so often feel. She looks back, too, through the "long bright years of her childhood," and also forward to the possible joys of the "dark and uncertain future." Then, a little later, she tells of a visit made to the place of her birth, which she had not seen for six years. That she had the poetic temperament none can deny who reads this tender effusion, though he may not keep back the smile as he reads of the "jentle brease" that moved the tall grass "too and froe" in the churchyard where sleep "many who sported with her in the long ago." One composition, dated Sunday, July the 13th, 1866, must have

been written after she had been to church, where the preacher drew vivid pictures of an innocent child yielding, as he grew older, to temptation and finally coming to a sad and tragic end. It is entitled "The Two Pictures," and would outshine many a young cub reporter's first attempts.

The effect of the Civil War also is seen in warlike poems: One entitled "Brothers' Meeting," possessing some strong lines, as, for instance:

Not as they parted met they now,
 No! Stamped upon each marble brow,
 Bloodless as yet,
 Hate shone, and in their angry eyes
 Was mingled scorn, disdain, surprise,
 As there, beneath the broad blue skies,
 Those brothers met.

Another tells of a maiden who seeks her lover upon the battlefield. One stanza reads:

He, too, was there! the leader and his band,
 And their blood had moistened sod and sand,
He was there! but the light from his eye had fled,
 And the one she had sought was cold and dead:
 With the bloody sword in his hand still grasp'd
 And the flag of the free to his bosom clasp'd.

The tragic denouement is told in the last stanza, as follows:

Down by the side of the dead she lay,
 The living cheek to the cheek of clay.
 The living cheek? No! anguish and pain,
 Can never trouble her bosom again.
 She is there at rest by her warrior's side,
 In death how lovely—his beautiful bride.

There is much of interest and illumination in these pages to the psychologist, for they were written without the slightest self-consciousness behind them. They are the perfect outpourings of a maiden's mind and reveal her as she actually was.

Now, after long years of a life made rich and beautiful by many and varied experiences, she rests by the Harbor of the Sun. Her home is on a hillside, near the top, its large four-windowed sun-porch overlooking one of the superlative views of the world. Here Mrs. Thorpe sits and reads, meditates, writes and greets her friends. Immediately in front, shutting out the view of the Pacific Ocean, is the irregular but bold line of Point Loma. To its right a tiny glimpse of Mission Bay is had, while Loma Portal, with its wealth of new and elegant residences, followed by Rosedale, La Playa, Fort Rosecranz, and the glistening domes of the magnificent temples of the headquarters of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood, the towers of the Federal Wireless Station, and the old Lighthouse line the top of the Point.

Then, as the eye sweeps eastward, there follow North Island, Coronado, with its pinnacled hotel and groups of trees, beyond which is a point in Mexico on the lower side of the Tia Juana River. In the foreground is the slope leading the eye down to the shallow waters of this part of the bay, the appearance reminding Mrs. Thorpe of the marshes of her Michigan home. Then comes the wide sweep of the bay to right and left, the narrow outlet to the Pacific, past Ballast Point and the Quarantine Station, while on the left lie the wharves, the municipal pier and many of the big business blocks of the new, thriving and progressive San Diego, beyond which is more of the bay, hemmed

in by the Silver Strand, and the Mexican Mountains to the south. Even then the picture is not complete. Far out at sea, where the sun kisses the ocean in pearly iridescence, lie the Coronados Islands, the two principal ones looking for all the world like giant monuments of old European Crusaders found in the dim aisles of quiet cathedrals. Here they suggest Nature's monuments to the old Spanish *Conquistadores*—Coronado himself and Juan de Onate, perhaps, lying a few miles apart, with feet pointing almost in the same direction.

Imagine this glorious scene at night-time, when Point Loma from end to end is lit up with vivid electric lights, the few lights of the Government Aviation Station setting forth North Island, while its sister island of Coronado glistens and shines in the corruscations of a thousand electric bulbs and arcs on the hotel, in homes, and on streets, while San Diego itself is ablaze until long after midnight with the wealth of lights our modern cities feel to be a necessity.

The sight is an inspiration either night or day, but by day busy, bustling, active life adds its own peculiar charm. Fussy motor boats dart to and fro; vessels with sails, yachts and schooners attract the eye with their spreading white canvas glistening in the sun, while stately ocean steamers and the ponderous steel-clad armored cruisers of the navy add solemn and majestic dignity to the scene. Aeroplanes and hydroplanes, like gigantic dragon-flies, skim over the water, shoot up into the air, or dart down in skillfully directed volplane back to earth or water, suggesting giant condors soaring from the earth.

Then, too, these same vessel movements on the bay often serve to enhance the glory of the night scene, for when battleships, passenger steamers, and vessels of all kinds are lit up, and their white, green and red lights dance in noiseless measure on the surface of the waves, there is a new beauty, an alluring attraction of the night that thrills with its suggestions. The stately ferry-boats, brilliantly lighted, silently glide back and forth between Coronado and San Diego, or across to Fort Rosecranz, while now and again, like an elephant among burros, a great passenger steamer, all aglow with electrically-lit state-rooms, each port-hole sending forth a vivid bull's-eye of light, comes in from the ocean and silently moves to its appointed pier.

It surely is a place for poet's fancies and writer's dreams, and there need be no surprise that Mrs. Thorpe finds great delight in what it so generously affords her.



Peterson's Magazine
Sept- 1865

The story upon which "Learpen Must Not Ring
Tonight" was founded -

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE story I mean to tell you is one of love's heroism. It has come down to me through many generations, accompanying a picture of a fair young girl, about whose brow cluster masses of waving brown hair; whose face is eloquent with the sublime faith and beauty of the old legend. She looks down upon me, from the canvas, out of sad, brown eyes. Her hands are nervously clutching a bit of parchment which she holds from her. One can see the deep, rough ways she has gone through for that scrawl. It is all told in the earnest grasp, in the fixed brow, and the straightened lines of the face. She seizes it as one might clutch from death a precious life. Looking up at her pure Saxon face, one knows why that staunch Cavalier, Basil Underwood, loved her—that he was worthy to be loved by her.

She was only a forester's child; the only one of the head keeper at Underwood Hall, down in the south country, but a pet and plaything up at the hall during her babyhood; educated, and almost adopted there as one of the baron's family in her girlhood. In that way she was lifted out of the forester's cottage in the world of the then fashion; and it is told that once, at some fête, or assembly, she was graciously smiled upon, by that first Charles, for whose grace and beauty we have great sympathy even unto this day. One thing she learned that day, as, leaning on the arm of the baron's son, she courtesied lowly to the courtly Charles, that was not in her book at home; love for king before her, and love for Cavalier beside her. That which she gave the king, she called loyalty, and quite a different thing it was from that which she meted out to the comely Basil. How could it have been otherwise? She and he so long playmates and friends at the hall? They fell into Cupid's snare as one might walk over a bank in sleep. The old baron and his wife were of the simpler sort, and seeing which way love ran, consented to let it run smoothly, and for that a blessing on their old hearts, which have been dust these two hundred years, and more.

But the dark days had come to "Merrie England" now. There were a goodly majority in that little island who objected that royal Charles, and royal Charles' Cavaliers should wear their

hair as Absalom wore his. So these objectors, as a suggestive method of expressing their displeasure, shaved their own off close to their crowns; yet, with less than no effect on contumacious Charles, for king and Cavalier still wore their flowing curls, and, in derision of their objectors, called them Roundheads. But these Roundheads were men of terrible earnestness and meaning. They fancied, in their earnest way, that England was going wrong, and that it was their work to stop her on her fatal way. I am afraid they had no very strong opinion of expediency; but when they saw a lie and wrong they smote it down, not stopping to bless it, either, as they smote. There were certain truths they held, which they thought the world should learn, and, with Bible and sword in hand, they went forth to teach them. Revolutions seldom lack leaders—this one did not. A man, panoplied like a god for the hour, was surged up from the depths of the people to set right old England's wrong. Looking at this Cromwell, now, through some old portraits of the libraries, one sees not a cruel face. It always seemed to me to express the sorrows of a race gone wrong, a sublime face pregnant with the stern meaning of the time. I know of those hard lines about the mouth, the square jaw, and the tiger glare of the eyes. But under it all the man's heart pulsed finely as a woman's. It was full of an infinite tenderness—majestic with a purpose that looked down the ages. Kent's loyalty to poor old Lear is one of those stories that always touch me to tears through its beauty and pathos; but Cromwell's loyalty to his God and to England is a spectacle sublime and beautiful forever. It has made the son of a brewer walk side by side with kings and queens, crowned lordlier than them all through two hundred years of history. But this is history, which you know better than I, and not the story I meant to tell you.

The hall was deserted now, and tenantless; the baron's family had fled before the approach of the army of the Puritans. Basil was somewhere in the ranks of Charles; Bessie, in her glory of youth and loveliness, had again gone home to the cottage, not a very suitable place for her now after the luxury and indulgence of the hall. But her true heart bowed loyally to life's duties; sad, too, were the long wintry

days, and longer evenings, when she no longer saw the face of her lover. But to the heart's core he was loyal to her as to his king. More than once had the neighing of his horse been heard outside the cottage on these long nights, even though between him and his love stretched the long line of the opposing army.

She loved him as most young maidens love, with an entire abnegation of self; so that though her happiness was only full when he was with her, yet she would have banished him forever rather than he should run such risk of death in seeking her. Her tears and pleadings that he would consider his own safety were laughingly thrust aside, and set at naught. "He bore a charmed life," he said, "against the Roundhead's bullets; he knew the secret ways, the hidden paths familiar to him from his boyhood, which they could not know. There was no danger," he would say, tenderly shaking the rich masses of her brown hair; "and if there were, I must brave them for the sake of sometimes seeing this dear face." He was so strong, and brave, and wise, this Cavalier of the olden time, that he could not see or fear danger; and death was for old men, not for lovers and soldiers of the good King Charlie. So he pushed danger and death aside, and by the old secret ways came once too often to visit his Bonnie forest blossom.

A still, starlit night settled down upon hall, and church, and cottage. The moon, rising slowly above the hills, revealed afar-off the white tents of the Roundheads. In the old church-tower beyond, the bell tolled the hour of curfew. In the cottage the lights were out, and by the embers of the fire, where dreamed and dozed a dog, sat the forester. Too old and weather-worn for a soldier, he feebly wended his way, until late days, through the forest, accompanied by his old dog, True, unmolested by Cavalier or Roundhead. When the baron came back to the hall, he should find nothing amiss there, the old man thought. But to-night, with Bessie nestled at his knee, a new thought replaced the old. All the days he had lived came back to him to-night; they passed before him like a splendid pageant. There was a tree overhanging the low gabled roof, one of its branches swayed in a gentle wind against the gothic window, through which the moonlight fell in a wonderful radiance. It stretched across the room to the old man's feet, resting there, a golden path to the heavens above him. The noise against the window startled him from this new thought into which his mind had fallen, and he turned and looked out through the dia-

mond panes into the clear blue of the sky. The refrain of an old Puritan hymn from the camp, sweet, tender, and mournful, was wafted to them on the wind. "It is for me, Bessie, girl. It beckons me away, dear."

The girl, pale and trembling, started to her feet. He had been ill all day, she knew; but not ill like this; his mind wandered now, and the new thought that drove out the old one was of fields beyond the confines of the hall—beyond human ken. The dog, roused from his slumber by the girl's cry, dragged himself slowly over to his master's side, and laid his head upon his knee, with a look of unutterable affection and yearning, as if he knew. Bessie held her father's head upon her breast, sobbing softly under her breath, and brushed the white hair from his temples. The old dog whined now and again, asking, in his poor way, for a parting word. It came at last—to him, not to the child. "Old True! we know the forest nooks! The secret places where the hare and pheasant hide; for so many days we have known them together. Old True—old True!"

Sobbing loudly now, the girl bent over him, begging him to speak to her; softly the moonlight crept up his feet, and breast, and lay like a glory of peace and beauty on his fair and silvered hair. There were sounds of horses' hoofs without; the door swung open, and Basil stood there, one of a silent group, one of which was as yet invisible. The opening door disturbed the old forester out of his dream; it may have been of one of the bright days gone; or his introverted gaze may have been fixed upon ~~face~~ fairer than any his feet yet had passed; or, who knows, it may have dwelt upon the presence, whose voice he seemed to hear in that mind awhile ago. He looked up, recognizing Basil. "You will take care of Bessie, and of old True?" The invisible presence in the room became visible, and in that chill hour the soul of the old forester was required of him.

From the neighboring hamlets came the simple foresters; and from the tented village came the bronzed soldiers by one or two's, or larger groups, to do reverence to the memory of their old friend of the forest. So, with life-long friends about her, they took her precious dead and laid him under the shadow of the tower, beside the true old wife who had gone thither before him.

Basil would not leave her until the last duty was done, and meanwhile was in hiding in one of the numerous forest fastnesses of which he so well knew. When night had come again, he was standing there beside her in the sombre

glimmer of the cottage fire. "I will remain here," she said; "the Roundheads never are rude to me." In the forest's walks they often met her, doing homage roughly out of their manhood's loyalty to a pure and saintly presence. A sort of chivalric loyalty that men imbibe as they lie in babyhood upon the breasts of mothers. She clung to him now with love's fierce tenacity, and besought him to incur danger no more, by absenting himself from the forest until the happier time had come when they could meet in peaceful, undisturbed loving. Her tears fell fast upon the hand she held; and while her pleading voice made a music in his heart, sweet as song of birds, he gave her the promise to cross the stern old Roundhead's lines no more. For a long moment he held her close to his great, wide breast, stroking tenderly her shining hair and tear-wet cheek. A trusty forest friend was bringing his horses up to the cottage, his steps was heard outside. Much pain and sorrow had exhausted the girl's natural strength; and when he pressed his lips to her cheek, she was unconscious that he did so. A low, warning word from outside, gave him notice that he must not linger longer. He laid the girl tenderly down upon a rude settle by the fire, and leaping to the saddle, commended her to the care of the man who stood there with his horse. The forester, giving him the bridle, said, "Ride fast to-night, your hand upon your sword. Bear no man company; there is mounting in haste in the camp yonder, as if in pursuit. There is danger in the forest to-night; whispers of spies from the royal forces abroad. Take heed that no man bear you company."

"Fear not for me, good Luke; they have no such mettle in their steeds as this one boasts. He and my sword will be safeguards enough against any single foeman."

He rode swiftly away over the yielding sward, and soon became undistinguishable amid the low-hanging foliage.

"A venturesome youth is Basil," said Luke, as he went within the cottage; and seeing the slight form of the beautiful girl upon the settle, added, "So would I have been in my hot day of youth for maiden fair as this."

Not the best nurse for a delicate girl, but as true, delicate, tender a one as any woman. The fine, sweet instinct of loyalty to womanhood was in his heart, filling each drop of warm blood coursing there.

He chafed her hands, and threw some water in her face, when the soft, brown eyes opened wide on him in a gaze of wonder and inquiry. Then they slowly closed again—for she saw

that the old father nor Basil were no longer there. They would not come again—never again, never! That was her loss; she knew it all now. Father and Basil could not come again—saying it over to herself. But God's love, and father's and Basil's love were with her yet. She knew that. Her soul was strong in that; but the poor, weak heart sobbed itself to sleep; and the man who had cared for her, laid down upon the rug before the fire, loyally watching over her, loyally praying for good King Charles and Master Basil. "God forefend them both by forest-path and open field; in court and camp, in life and death, God find them with their Christly armor on!" A goodly prayer, to which let all true hearts echo, Amen!

The young Cavalier, pursuing his saddened thought, had never slackened pace until the forest and its lengthened shadows were lying, ghost-like, behind him. But now, striking the hard, open road, more caution was necessary, though the enemy's lines had been passed, and the tread of the far out-lying pickets was no longer distinguishable. He rode carefully, looking ahead into the gloom of the night, watchful of any horseman in advance of him. No one in advance, but behind the reverberation of iron-shod feet in the road. A single horseman, too. It might be a foeman, but it was not yet time for flight; time enough for that when challenged, and the odds against him. He slackened his speed, and drew the rein closer to the foot-path.

"Who goes there?" This challenge from the rider, who had now come up with him. "A friend, if friendly proven," replied the Cavalier, laying his hand quietly on the sword's hilt. "A fair night, friend." "A fair night, friend," answered Basil. "What of the cause, friend?" Basil leaned forward, that he might see the face of the new-found friend, and answered the last challenge, "For God and King Charles, the cause prospers." "We will ride in company; and so it please you; two swords being better than one." "An it please you, we will," was Basil's reply. The man was no foeman. The questions he gave showed him to be of the camp of the Cavaliers. A face little seen under the slouched beaver he wore; but that little seen had nothing prepossessing in it, to our young friend Basil; a face to shun when met by the road-side, on a dark night, when one's sword rested in its sheath at home. A scowling, mean face, full of subtlety and cunning; a face for foul deeds and black work. A spy—the man against whom he had been warned. To be captured in his company was death—worse than

death ignominy. How was he to shake him off? They were both enlisted in the same good cause, one for love and one for hire. How did he know that? This fellow beside him might have as fine instincts of loyalty as any that warmed his own heart, and fired it to heroic deeds. This vile, low face, might be only a mask, hiding a right loyal soul. Yet against this man the warning had been spoken. What matter? He would take the risk; was not the danger all left behind in the camp of the Roundheads? But in the solemn hush of the night, he raised his hat and prayed for King Charles, the lady of his love, and his own safety.

Rashly, madly resolved, young Cavalier! The enemy was upon them. From a bit of forest lying adjacent to the road-side the Roundheads swarmed down upon them. Stern work was there. Twenty stern old soldiers setting to work to capture two men who defiantly faced them with swords out, and death in their eyes. It lasted but a moment. There was a sharp clash of steel, a resounding blow from the sword of Basil upon a Roundhead's steel cuirass, which sent the trooper reeling from his seat, and shattered the young Cavalier's weapon. That was the end of it. Basil, unarmed, was easily made prisoner now. The spy was already captured and bound. They searched them on the ground where they had fought. From the dress of the spy they took convincing evidence of his guilt—plans and drawings of their works—specifications of their numbers—and descriptions of their arms.

What will poor Bessie say when she hears of this? Poor Bessie! with the dead face of the father lying there only yesterday, and his dead face to-morrow! *His!* God help poor Bessie! And God help them all! Amen.

They carried them to the foot of the hill, where quietly rested a few hamlets and the gray old church, with its ivy-covered tower looming up hundreds of feet into the night. The prisoners were taken to a low-gabled building on the outskirts of the hamlet—a thick, stone-walled house, with heavily-mullioned windows, looking out into the dark street and fields. About the door stood a group of grim-visaged soldiers, silent and stern, looking keenly into the face of the young Cavalier, but speaking no word. They passed through a long, low room, wainscotted half-way to the ceiling. In the rear of that was the guard-room, low-ceiled, red-tiled, and cleanly enough. There spy and Cavalier laid down together. When to-morrow came, where would they be lying then? They slept on the tiled floor the refreshing sleep of

tired, healthy men. Whatever dream came to them gave no token of to-morrow's doom. The Cavalier, waking in the chill gray of the morning, saw the face of the man he had left at the cottage last night. "Do not tell *her*, old friend," he said; but he was too late—the man was gone.

The sun rose that morning over that little world of England, looking upon no sadder sight, I think, than that of the fair young Bessie listening to the story of Basil's capture. No tears were in her eyes; dark lines came underneath them; her mouth grew fixed and rigid; her hands were buried with a nervous clutch in the lapels of the forester's coat. She clung to him desperately, as if he could help her, as if some way he could save Basil. He was to be tried with the spy at high noon. Cromwell would be at the camp to-day—maybe, at the trial. He had been an old friend of her father's in that earlier, better time. Since then he had sat at their homely board—was friendly still, she knew. Why, this stern old Puritan had, caressingly, held her of his knee, when she was a little child. If she plead for this Basil's life, would the grim old soldier remember her, and what had gone before? Let us hope he would for the day when memories of a better, quieter life could sway him were fast fading. In that after-time, when Naseby was to be fought and won; when a king was to be dethroned—imprisoned; when a scaffold was to grow in a night in the street opposite to Whitehall, and the Royal Charles to lie there, with his fair neck upon the block; a man, with a mask holding the kingly head before the multitude, saying, "This is the head of a traitor!" it would be too late for memories then. Let us be glad, for Bessie's sake, that these days had not yet come.

At noon the prisoners was led into the court, held in the long room through which they passed to their prison last night. A dark room, set round by dark, earnest faces. They were there for serious cause. The painful stillness was only broken by the clang against the oaken floor of a gaunt old soldier's sword, as he strode to his place at a deal table, about which sat a dozen warriors—grim men of iron, in leathern-jerkins, used to the din and smoke of battle, and loving its carnage better, in their Puritan hearts, than this quiet way of sending men down to their death. Relentless men, where duty was to be done; hardened by long years of civil war, and through believing that God had sent the sword in their hands, to the end that they might restore the olive-branch; full of a strange superstition and religious enthusiasm, which made them bad judges and irresistible soldiers.

Crowding about the room were the people of the hamlets, all in eager sympathy with at least one of the prisoners—Basil had played and grown up with many of them. Between hall and hamlet there was little difference in those days. They loved him, every one, for his frank and manly ways; for his hardy, healthful youth and comeliness; for all that he had been to them in their some time want and pain. They spoke low and excitedly together. "He, a spy! Our Basil, of the hall, a spy!" and the speaker's voice rose high with indignation. A woman timidly touched his arm, and asked if she might stand beside him during the trial. She could see Basil from there, and he could not see her. It was best he should not. But he would know all the same she was there. After awhile she asked the man if he would hold her hand the while. "I'm not strong to-day," she added, apologetically. He took her hand, and held it in his strong, horny fingers, tenderly as a woman.

Silence now, terrible in its intensity, reigned throughout the room. The prisoners were to be tried together, and were arraigned and called upon to answer to the specifications of the charge of being spies of one Charles; against the honor and dignity of the commonwealth. "How say you, Robert Sherwood and Basil Underwood, guilty or not guilty?"

The spy, desisting for a moment from gnawing the nails of a dirty hand, slowly lifted his head, and looking toward the court, made answer "Guilty!"

"*Not guilty!*"—Clear, earnest, and deep as an organ-tone, fell upon the court—the answer of Basil Underwood.

The court proceeded to the evidence. Only this it was. This, a confessed adherent of him called King Charles I., was found at night, in unfrequented ways, bearing company with his fellow prisoner, upon whose person were found conclusive proofs of guilt. Nothing more. For the commonwealth, the case was closed. "Had the prisoner any witnesses to call in his defence?" Basil bowed his head on his hands, and answered, "None!" Hope slipped the leash in that moment, and was gone. At this instant a girl made her way through the crowd, and took her place beside the table of the court. Quietly, modestly she said, "I wish to be sworn on behalf of the prisoner." She was sworn. In a few simple words she accounted for Basil's presence near the enemy's camp. "Such an old friend of father's and mine," she said, with womanly crimson covering cheek and brow. "My father died in his arms the night he came,

leaving me a precious trust to his care. He was with me through my long days of suffering and sorrow. He was no spy." "But a Royalist?" "Yes! loyal to his king, and to his manhood, which would not let him be a spy. Upon my soul, brave gentlemen, not a spy!"

Bravely spoken, little maiden! Yet these are stern, duty-loving men you address. They see heroic faith and simple truth shining through your eyes; and they also see a maiden battling for her lover's life. The blush alone told them so much. The prisoner has looked up but once while she speaks. He sees the fine crimson mantling the cheek, and, with life gliding from him, he takes farewell of its sweetest hope and fairest dream. She has gone back to her place, and the man gives her his arm to lean upon—not so strong as when he gave her his hand awhile ago. She never looked away now from the faces of the court. She will see their verdict written in their iron visages before they have spoken it. They confer together. Silence, awful and profound, reigns throughout the sombre old room. The grotesque faces in the wainscoting, stare forward, waiting for their verdict. Men breathe fast and heavily. They love this young man; from his boyhood up he has been so noble, brave, and unselfish in his instincts; so true to them; so observant ever of their rights. Something out of their own lives will be lost when his is forfeited. In dreadful stillness they await the verdict, and from all hearts an unspoken prayer ascends for the prisoner. If he would only speak it might not yet be too late.

He rises slowly from his seat. Life is so sweet to him to-day. He will not lose it without one poor effort. He craves the indulgence of the court—a moment only he will detain them. Permission to speak is granted him. "You know," he said, in a clear, musical voice, "that what this maiden has just spoken is truth. Where she left off I will begin. I had crossed your lines by paths unknown to your troops, and coming upon the high road, and being on my way to join the forces of the king, my master, was accosted by my fellow-prisoner here. From signs he gave me, I recognized him as being of the king's forces, but in what capacity I only guessed. Of what he knew, I nothing knew—he having communicated nothing to me. A moment after he found me, your troops were upon us. I therefore claim the rights and hospitality of a prisoner of rank taken in honorable warfare, and as such, my life is not forfeit to the commonwealth."

A stir of pleasure, rising out of a hope that the simple earnestness of his speech would save him, swayed the multitude.

Again the court conferred together; then the prisoners were bidden to stand and look upon the court. They did so. The hands of the spy tremblingly wandered about his mouth; his eyes were bent upon the ground, and an awful pallor overspread his face. Doomed, and afraid to die. There was a record of dark deeds lying behind him, in those years gone. Death touched him, and he trembled. His fellow-prisoner was paler than since the trial began; but his face was the face of a man who had looked upon death often, and knew it was only sleep. He knew of the pleasant vales of Eden—of the better country beyond. The hand which firmly held the chair before him was clear of guilt; behind him no dark record lay open; immortality glowed within him. He stood upon the shining shore, and the waves of death surging toward him, gave him no terror.

A war-begrimed soldier rises from his place as spokesman, and reads in slow, dead tones, the finding and sentence of the court. "The prisoners at the bar are found guilty as to all the charges and specifications upon which they were arraigned, and the sentence of the court is, that they be taken from this place to a place of confinement, and from thence to the square, in view of the quarters of the general commanding, and there to be shot to death, at the ringing of the curfew next ensuing; and may God have mercy on their souls!"

Bessie heard. A sharp cry of pain, as if a heart had broken, rang through the room. Women wept, and wrung their hands; and men went tearfully out into the air. They could not breathe there where death came so close to them. A few women gathered about the girl, and bore her to her home. The prisoners were led back to their prison—between them and death a few brief hours lay. To die at curfew! Oh, God! how dear life had suddenly grown to this young cavalier. He did not think that his heart could ever so tremble. His old mother and father, when they knew? Why, he would never see them again, here—nor Bessie. Youth's hopes were his then; he meant that she should one day be mistress of the hall and the broad acres. They were to live their, lovers forever, helping, nourishing Christ's poor, and little ones. A thousand times he had planned that. Last night only he had held her in his arms—had heard her voice in loving music. To-night—to die! This death he had never dreamed of. He might sometimes have fancied it would come

to him amid the clash of steel, and the snort of battle-steeds; with sword in hand, leading heroic legions to victory for good King Charles. But this death, away from the contested field, was a death a dog might die—not a man. Thus he thought and wondered in his mind, as he looked out over the hills and fields to where the old church-tower rose, covered with its eternal verdure, brightened by great masses of sunlight.

Slowly the day wore on. An hour or more before curfew Bessie had one hope—she would see Cromwell. He must and would save Basil. It was miles away to the camp. Then she would seek him. Basil was not guilty; Cromwell was just—it was his pride and boast that he was that. He should do justice—Basil should live. He could not die, for his life was hers; hers until the good God demanded it of her. It was not to be forfeit now. She knew that the stern old soldier should be just; ay, that was the word—just. He would be!

Just? There was yet to come the solemn, awful spectacle of the scaffold in front of Whitehall, and royal Charles' head laying thereon. Yet this was to be when the grim soldier, Cromwell, grew to his greatness.

Through line after line of pickets she passed on her way to the tent of the general; high resolve and noble purpose nerved her heart. She would be strong to-day; steel-hearted, as these bronzed warriors; steel-nerved, clear-brained to execute her purpose.

"It is for Basil," she said, as she stood before the spacious tent of the soldier, Cromwell. On either side stood the guard, as if but half on duty. "I would have speech with General Cromwell." "He is absent from the camp," said a guard. "Yet he will be here before the curfew?" "He will come to-night; but not before curfew." This from a grim-visaged Roundhead, who, leaning on his halberd, regards the girl curiously. Her head was sunk to her breast; her hands grope darkly on the folds of her dress. That was the last hope. Only for an instant she feels the keen pain of its loss, and then the sickening blindness of despair, arising out of her weakness to save the life dearer than her own, fills her brain and eyes. Slowly raising her head, she sees the guard yet regarding her with a look as nearly akin to pity as any that ever visited his face. She sees him; the other guards standing idly about; the long rows of tents; the standards; the glistening arms; and beyond them, to the westward, the sun, sinking down in crimson glory behind the old tower, where, swung the curfew-bell. It has been so many voiced to

her in all those years gone; from earliest childhood she and it have been such true friends. Only she, she fancies, knows all its tones, and all their deep and solemn meaning. She recalls how sad-voiced it was that day when its shadow first fell above her mother's grave; how full of comfort, too, seeming to blend pity in its tones for her loss, as if it knew and cared. She remembers other days, when anger and strife were in her heart, how its mellow music softened away the bitter feeling. So often, in that happier time, it has summoned her to hear words of helping grace and faith—words that cheered her life, and blessed the hours she lived. All this feebly passing through her mind as she watches the sun fading, slowly, surely fading, falling beyond the town. It is to be endowed with a new voice to-night; to swing out from its height in the gloom of the sky solemn words than it spoke ever before—words of death to the heart of the young Cavalier.

She repeats slowly to herself the words of the stern old guard, "He will be here to-night, but not till after curfew." Then, fires must blaze, and tapers burn with the stars to-night. The curfew shall not ring. She has jewels and coin with which the old verger may be bribed from his duty. If she plead with him, offered him these bribes, Basil might be saved—for Cromwell would come to-night; and Cromwell, for the sake of the old love he bore her father, would pardon Basil, if she asked it. She would fall at his knees, and not be torn away till he had pardoned Basil—and he would do it, hard and stern—as he seemed. She had passed the guard, and quickly, by the old mill-path, approached the verger's cottage. An old man, quite deaf to sound of his own bell, or voice of priest, and almost blind now, his years had been so many; with only strength enough to ring the old bell on the tower, and build the church fires, he was retained in his place more for past services than for present ones. He sat now on the broad stone at his door, smoking his pipe, his hat and the church-keys lying beside him. He had stood by the quaintly-carved font when she was held there in the priest's arms to be christened—such a wee tiny thing then, a grand and graceful lady now, but mindful of him in her advancement. He had many things within the old cottage to remind him of her kindness since those first days of her babyhood. Too feeble-sighted to see the agony of her face, or to notice the excitement of her manner, the old man rose and bowed to her quaintly as a cavalier. "She wanted speech with him? Then she must follow him to the

tower, for his step was slow, and it was a good mile off, and ere they reached it, it would be time for the curfew." Thus saying, he took up his hat and the keys, and walked beside her, along the path she had come. Slowly he began to understand what it was she required of him. "There must be no curfew to-night! Here were jewels and gold—a fortune for such as he; it would make his old age bright, and free from thought and care. Besides, a dear life would be saved to her. He would do it! He would not sound Basil's death-knell! For the love of the good God he would not do that! He roughly pushed her bribe away; he assumed a stern manner, and gruffly refused. What else could he do? To the good cause of Christ, whom he served under the great Cromwell, Basil was a traitor and enemy. Not his enemy, else he would have saved him. The old heart was tender, but Cromwell and his times cased tender hearts in iron shells; and he refused her, even as they reached the foot of the great tower, wherein, above them, hung the great bell, shrouded in the darkening sky. His hand was on the latch, and the oaken-door was pushed open, when he turned to say some final word to her, but she was gone.

As the door swung back from the old man's hand, an impulse, springing out of defeated purpose and hope beaten down, seized the mind of the girl. She looked upward within the tower; but a few of the crumbling stairs could be distinguished above, darkness covered them like a pall. With an awful shudder vibrating through every nerve, and the strength of her mind, heart, and soul, bent to a single thought, she dashed past the old verger, and her feet pressed the stairway into murky space, where before, for three centuries, no feet but hers had trod. With her soul sickening within her, sustained only by the hope that would not die, she went upon her fearful flight, cheating death of its victim, irresistible in her love and daring, as a fate standing between the comely Cavalier and the grave that yawned to claim him.

A single line of blood-red was in the sky yet, and the hour of curfew had come. About the door of Basil's prison stood a guard of solemn, earnest faces. They looked away silently toward the tower rising still and sombre against the sky. They waited for the curfew as one within, prayerfully kneeling on the tiled floor of his cell, waited. They leaned upon their fire-locks, liking not this shooting of a man in cold blood. They wished in their hearts it was over.

As the verger touches the dangling rope,

something falls to his feet from the steps above. "A bit of the oaken stair," he says, picking it up "Crumbling away together, we are; church and verger alike growing old together." The old man forgets that the tower was a gray-beard of hundreds of years when he was yet a pulpit-babe. "Not ring the curfew!" he muttered. "False to-night in what I never once failed in before? Yet, she's a comely lass; and he a good youth, and not a spy, either; but he dies for the good cause."

Had his eyes been less dim, and the gloom within the tower less dense, he might have seen, far above him on the oaken stair, a woman slowly ascending; upward, upward, over quick and dead, her delicate hands pressing for support, with horrible disgust and loathing, the reeking, slimy walls; her strength almost gone; but upward through paths of vermin-life, by which swarm noisome, poisonous reptiles and uncouth shapes unknown to her, she toils on. Above her darkly hangs the bell; below, the old verger stands ready to give it speech and meaning, new and terrible. At last, she stands on the narrow platform beneath it—can touch its sides. It shall not speak those words of death. Slowly it begins to move, her hands seize, with the grasp of death, its ponderous tongue, and as the rope descends, she is swung out into the black sky, hundreds of feet above the undistinguished earth. Again, and again, and yet many times she sways to and fro with the motion of the bell above the earth, and yet her hands are strong as iron, stronger than mortal hands, unnerved with love, could ever be. To and fro, for the allotted time, the verger swung the bell, and yet was the curfew silent of its new voice and meaning, for love-nerved hands held fast its tongue, and made it dumb. Cromwell would come to-night, and, bless God! the hour of curfew had gone by, and Basil lived. "He shall die at the ringing of the curfew," said the stern soldier-judge; and, in the solemn meaning of the sentence, till then he cannot die.

To the camp again, and there to wait and wait till Cromwell comes. Dark shapes and fearful noises fill the air as she descends, but the lowermost stair is reached, the wide door grates again upon its hinges. She looks back upon the hamlet and sees lights burning in every window. There, too, is the prison, and there, also, burn the tapers, though the stars fill the world with brightness. A dull, numb pain fills her limbs; her hands are dead; her feet wander from the path, and her brain whirls in a dizzy trance. But yonder lies the camp,

its red fires gleam out in crimson belts of light and warmth over the hills and low-lying vallies; voices of men shout out a battle-hymn of the Lord they serve. It is borne to her upon the winds in tones of unutterable sweetness, for distance has robbed the thousand voices of all coarseness. They read a fiery gospel, and enforced it with burnished steel.

Her feet must not yet fail her, for her work is not yet done. A few rods more, and the tent of the warrior Cromwell will be reached. At last she is there; the guards send the challenge, and receive for reply, "A friend, who craves speech with the general, Cromwell." They make way for her, let her pass into the presence of the man she seeks. Let the day and the hour be responsible for whatever was hard or cruel in this man's career. A hard and cruel hour of anarchy and blood moulding the man into the shape he was. What freer, fairer, more generous youth than he once was in all England? History sends back the answer—none. In her hour of greatest peril, Rome gave up her vested rights and sacred liberties into the hands of one man, and let him act the tyrant as he willed, so saved they the republic. It was England's day of sorest need when she recognized this Cromwell as her saviour, and gave up to him her rights and privileges—a soldier sworn for God and England. Great, masterful blows he struck for them; great wrongs he did in their names. But, let us believe he did the best he knew; as may others believe it of us, when our turn comes to be adjudged. Not that we should stride down the ages with kings and queens for company, but that the least of us shall have an audience of critics one day coming.

He did not notice her, nor rise as she approached, as any cavalier would have done. An orderly stood in waiting, whom Cromwell thus commanded: "Get you quickly to the cottage of the old verger by the mill; tell him the hour of curfew is long since gone, and bring me answer why he has not tolled the bell; weighty matters depend upon his duty being done." She did not longer wait for him to give her greeting, but said quickly, "You will not send this soldier on his errand till I have speech with you? To me more weighty is the matter that I bring than can concern the tolling of that bell to you. I come for justice, noble Cromwell; you hold in vile duress a prisoner of war, condemned to death upon a charge of which he is not guilty. Hear from me the truth before you let that soldier go upon his way."

"I'll hear you, maiden; soldier, wait without." The man withdrew; and the story, as she knew

it from Basil's defence, and of her own information, she related to the chief. With what grace of speech it sprang from her lips, till it seemed alive with heroic truth and beauty, I fain would attempt to portray, but dare not. The soldier knew that what she spoke was truth; that the man she loved could not lie. Yet this Basil Underwood was one to fear; the peasantry around shout out a cause, whose holiness they could not see, for love of him. It would be well to have him removed; God accomplished His good purposes by allowing evil to triumph; so might he do this seemingly evil act that good to the cause might come. "He is a Royalist; if he dies not, maiden, the good cause must suffer; so—he dies." Slowly he said it, like one making up his mind to a deed from which his soul revolted. But a great pity was on his face now. He remembered this girl, and her old father, too. Years and years ago, before the cause had wakened him from peaceful ways, he and the girl's father had been friends; and he remembered he had permission given him, once from the baron, to shoot upon his preserves, and for many days he was the old forester's guest. How generous in their humble hospitality they were to him then! Let him remember this, for upon him, too, is the shadow of death stealing, and ere long it will help his soul upward that he forgot not these things.

The girl came close to him. Either hand she placed upon his wide breast. Low, steady-voiced, calm as a star, she stood above him, and said, "You dare not do this thing. The good Master whom we both serve, will not let you do it. This man is innocent; upon my soul, he is not guilty! Look through my eyes, down into my heart's depths, and tell me if a spy could there be throned and crowned. I do love him; I love him for his noble soul, which knows no taint of sin or shame; I love him for the pure truth that dwells within his heart; I love him that he is loyal to his king—the king that, in his mother's arms, he learned to say his nightly prayers for. See, brave Cromwell! men fear but love you not. I'm here at your feet, the whilom child you nursed upon your knee. I kneel to you and ask for simple justice, and you deny me. I can recall the day and hour you held me to your breast, and whilst you pressed a kiss upon my cheek, you said, 'God be ever with you, little bairn, tenderly keeping you and all your loves.' Oh, Cromwell! they are all dead but this one! Yesternight I saw my father laid in his grave; my mother lay beside him there these many years dead. Brother or sister have I none. Give this one back to

me, and you will link two hearts to you, by ties of love, stronger than links of steel. Your victorious legions count their slain by thousands; I ask but one poor life, it is dearer than my own. You relent! You will pardon—for the dead father's sake, you will. You have eaten of his bread, and you dare not kill his child. For the sense of justice that is eternal within you, you will give me back the life I crave."

Not a stern line of the war-worn face that was not melted away. "If God's work were only done; if it were work less hard and cruel to do," he thought, as memories of that olden, happier time poured, like an avalanche, through his mind, moved by the force of the girl's words. A sad, old man even; weary of the leathern jerkin and the weighty sword. To redeem old England, yet not to see the day; He was not to pass over into that promised land. But his people did, and let us trust that from the heaven above us the grim old saint looks down and sees his work completed.

He raised the girl to her feet, and placed his hands upon her head caressingly. In that far-off city of London he had a daughter, too, maybe he thought of her, and fancied he had done his work, and by his own hearth caressed her as in that earlier day. It was to be a long while before he saw her again; and when he did see her, he was a prisoner, and in prison she visited and ministered unto him. In these prison hours to come, it will be good for him to remember what he did this night. He sat down, and on a bit of parchment wrote out a pardon for "one Basil Underwood, unrighteously held under sentence of death as a spy; to be released upon his parole of honor, not to absent himself, without leave of the commanding general, from beyond the ancient landmarks and surveys of the hamlet of Underwood." He placed it in her hands, only saying, "Take this, that justice may be done. You shall bear it to his prison."

She thanked him in only such words as full, love-burning hearts can utter, and quickly turned to the tent-door. He had not moved since he gave her the parchment, but stood with folded hands wistfully regarding her. He seemed not to hear her grateful words; nor to notice that, even as she thanked him, her gaze was fixed upon the pardon, which she clutched with a grip of death-like tenacity; that her eyes seemed to devour it, not to see him at all. If in that hour the awful shadow came near him, it should have touched him then, for it was his royal hour of life, the one in which his soul stood nearest to its Master. Her hand was

raised to push aside the curtain at the door, when, in a voice, gentle as her own, he called her name. She turned toward him, and, as if their souls stood, for the moment, on the same broad platform of eternal truth and humanity's love made perfect, she stretched out her two hands toward him.

With painful slowness he spoke, and his manner was that of a man gone blind in all the tenets of his faith, like one lost in a monstrous sea of doubts. "This is God's work?" questioningly he said this, and then added, "I fear, sometimes. Oh, God! if I have erred, show my feet the right way; I meant to be the servant of Thy will; lead me, thy servant." He bowed his head lowly before her, as if he saw in this child one nearer to his Christ than he, and said, "Lay your hands upon me, child, and say, God save and bless thee, Cromwell." With startled thought she looked up into his face, and what she saw there filled her heart with a great pity and tenderness for this man. She saw a great and god-like soul tossed and torn in a maelstrom of doubts and misgivings—a soul sick unto death, crying out with unutterable pathos and yearning for light—light—light!

She laid her hands upon the bowed head, and slowly, reverentially repeated the words; then she sped away through the tented streets, and the picketed fields toward the prison, where, beyond the tower and the bell, her lover was held. She would be in time; the ground seemed to fly beneath her feet; but at last the prison was reached. She would not give the pardon to the old guard; she held it tightly clasped in her poor, bruised hands, while with a grim smile he read it. He humored her whim, as who would not? So fair, and true, and brave she was, the glamour of an heroic deed performed shone like a halo about her face. He led her to the room where, in the morning, Basil had been tried, then released his prisoner, and brought him to her. "Now, maiden, you will yield me up the parchment? The prisoner is free." She placed it in the hands of Basil, saying, "Give it you to the soldier. I have snatched it from the skies."

Without understanding, he did as she bade him, and the soldier was gone. And now Basil held an unconscious form in his arms. When its work was done, the tired body gave way; it had been sorely tried. She loved much, and for her love had dared and done much. To such much love is given. It was to her. A free man now, Basil carried her to an old dame's house, and there watched over her for many days. But when the weary watch was over, she bloomed

again fair as any lily of her native valley; and health and beauty crowned her with their perennial blossoms, and she grew in grace and comeliness.

The happy, peaceful days had come again to merry England. In the revolving years, the old baron and his wife passed away to their long home; and the new baron, Basil, held his court in the hall of his ancestors.

Cromwell, too, has passed the day in which all his deeds were to be accounted for. They have been. His record is open only to his Master, whom, let us believe, he served with all the light there was within him. And let us try to remember him as he stood that day within the Parliament-House, his face aglow with fiery zeal, his drawn sword reflecting God's red sunshine, as he uttered these memorable words: "I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me, than put me upon this work." Solemn words, these. Let us believe that this man felt them down to the depths of his soul; that they were the key-note to all that jangled music, out of tune, that went before and after in his life.

As the years went on, tiny feet and childish voices echoed through the oaken corridors. These little ones added a new grace and radiance to the hall; among them was a kingly Charlie, and a Cromwell, too. In the long gallery, where hung the family pictures, Basil was wont to linger most over the latest portrait there. The little Cromwell of the hall, by times observing this fancy of his father's, questioned him regarding it. Then he told him the story of the picture, and the old bell in the tower. For two hundred years, generation have told it to generation, as the picture was handed down from one to the other. I have now told it to you, thus giving away our family story, and it is ours no longer. But the picture is a sweet poem to me forever. Its colors glow with autumnal warmth, and have the depth of Falernian wine in antique vase. In the face above me, framed in its wealth of waving hair, there are no sweet possibilities of love, of which it does not give assurance; there is no home which it would not bless. Adorn your homes with pictures—they are civilizers. A picture on your walls, commemorating a loving, heroic deed, if it is mellowed into immortal tones and tints of beauty, as mine is, will be found an exhaustless store of pleasure. But better than picture, marble, or bronze, or aught else with which to make beautiful your home, is a wife, who, if she has not swung from curfew-tower to save your life, would do it, if occasion required.

“CURFEW MUST NOT RING
TO-NIGHT”

BY
ROSE HARTWICK THORPE





“CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT”

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hill-tops
 far away,
 Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one
 sad day;
 And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man and
 maiden fair,—



He with steps so slow and weary; she with sunny,
 floating hair;
 He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she, with
 lips so cold and white, 7
 Struggled to keep back the murmur, “Curfew must not
 ring to-night.”

“Sexton,” Bessie’s white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, moss-grown walls
dark, damp and cold,—



“I’ve a lover in that prison, doomed this very night
to die
At the ringing of the curfew; and no earthly help is
nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset;” and her lips grew
strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, “Curfew must not
ring to-night.”



"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced
 her young heart
 Like a gleaming death-winged arrow, like a deadly
 poisoned dart),
 "Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that
 gloomy, shadowed tower;
 Every evening, just at sunset, it has tolled the twi-
 light hour.
 I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and
 right:
 Now I'm old, I will not miss it. *new line* Curfew bell must
 ring to-night!"



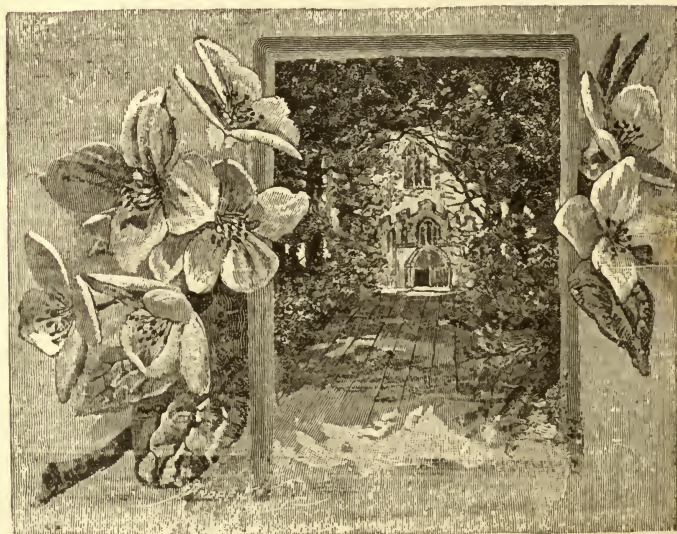


Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white ⁷
 her thoughtful brow;
 And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a
 solemn vow.
 She had listened while the judges read, without a tear
 or sigh,—
 "At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood *must*
die."



And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew
 large and bright;
 One low murmur, faintly spoken, "Curfew *must not*
 ring to-night!"
 She with quick step bounded forward, sprang within
 the old church-door,
 Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so
 oft before.

Review
 Cupid's
 Crankshaft





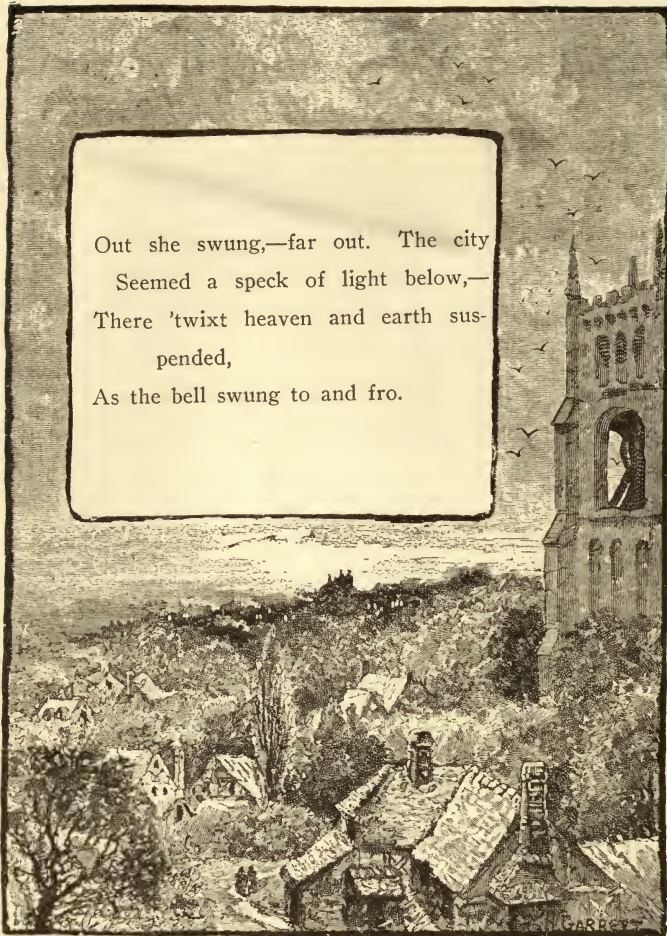
Not one moment paused the maiden,
 But, with cheek and brow aglow;
 Staggered up the gloomy tower,
 Where the bell swung to and fro;
 As she climbed the slimy ladder,
 On which fell no ray of light,
 Upward still, her pale lips saying,
 "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"



She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs
 the great, dark bell;
 Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway
 down to hell.
^{So} See! the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour
 of curfew now,



And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath,
 and paled her brow.
 Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash with
 sudden light,
 As she springs, and grasps it firmly: "Curfew shall
 not ring to-night!"



Out she swung,—far out. The city
 Seemed a speck of light below,—
 There 'twixt heaven and earth sus-
 pended,
 As the bell swung to and fro.

And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard
 not the bell,
 Sadly thought that twilight curfew rang young Basil's
 funeral knell.
 Still the maiden, clinging firmly, quivering lip and fair
 face white,
 Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating: "*Curfew
 shall not ring to-night!*"

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying; and the maiden
 stepped once more—
 Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred
 years before,
 Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that
 she had done
 Should be told long ages after.



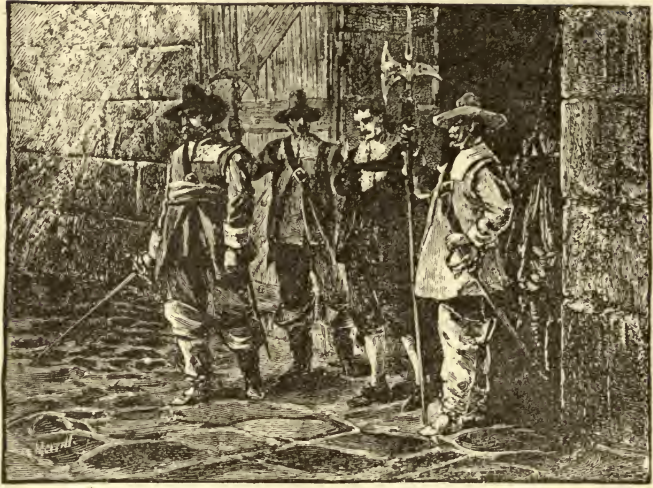
As the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with golden beauty, aged sires, with
heads of white,
'Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one
sad night.

PAUSE

O'er the distant hills comes Cromwell. Bessie sees him ;
and her brow, >
Lately white with sickening horror, has no anxious
traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all
bruised and torn ;



And her sweet young face, still haggard, with the
anguish it had worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with
misty light.
“Go! your lover lives,” cried Cromwell. “Curfew
shall not ring to-night!”



Wide they flung the massive portals, led the prisoner
forth to die,
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the
darkening English sky,



Bessie came, with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with
lovelight sweet;

Kneeling on the turf beside him, laid his pardon at
his feet.

In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the
face upturned and white,

Whispered, "Darling you have saved me, Curfew will
not ring to-night."



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TO MISS OLIVE KENNETT.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

Words by

ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

Music by

STANLEY HAWLEY.

PIANO.

Andante sostenuto.

pp *poco* *cres:* *mf*

poco rit: *ben sost:* *pp*

simile.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the
hilltops far away, Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day; And its
last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair, - He with steps so slow and weary; she with

N. B. This poem is published by arrangement with the Authoress. For musical adaptation it has been slightly altered.

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20309.

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sunny, floating hair; He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she with

cantabile.

p e cres:

lips so cold and white, Struggled to keep back the murmur, Curfew must not ring to

cantabile.

pp e sost:

p

- night." Sexton, her white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old, With its

p e molto rit:

pp a tempo.

walls so tall and gloomy, mossgrown walls, dark, damp and cold, - I've a

p

rit: colla parte.

lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die At the

mf a tempo.

ringing of the Curfew; and no earthly help is nigh. Cromwell

p e dolce.

And simile.

will not come till sunset;" and her lips grew strangely white, As she

mf

p

spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to night."

cantabile

molto rit.

pp

pp

pp

"Maiden, calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced her young heart Like a gleaming death-wing'd arrow, like a

a tempo.

p

pp

p

And simile..

deadly poisoned dart, Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloom, shadowed tower; Every

pp

p

pp

evening, just at sunset, it has tolled the twilight hour. I have done my duty ever, tried to

pp
simile.

do it just and right: Now I'm old, I will not miss it. Curfew bell must ring to

p e cantabile.

night." She with quick steps bounded forward, sprang within the old church door, Left the

molto rit.
pp
mf
poco più mosso.

old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before. Not one

pp e sost.

moment paused the maiden, But, with cheek and eye aglow, Staggered

mf

up the gloomy tower, Where the bell swung to and fro; As she 5

climbed the slimy ladder, On which fell no ray of light, Upward

still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to night!" She has

reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs the great, dark bell;

Awful is the gloom, beneath her, like the pathway down to hell. See! the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the

hour of curfew now, And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopp'd her breath, and paled her brow. Shall she

mf affrett. cres. f
*Red simile. gva bassa. Red **

let it ring? no, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light, As she

sf sf sf sf

springs, and grasps it firmly: "Curfew shall not ring to night." Out she

sf cantabile. sf f molto rit.
*Red * Red * Red * Red **

swung, far out. The city seemed a speck of light below, There twixt

mf poco meno. dim. P dim.
Red simile.

heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro. And the

pp dim.

sexton at the be rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell, Sadly thought that twilight curfew rang her

mf *dim:* *p* *dim:* *pp*

lover's funeral knell. Still the maiden, clinging firmly, quivering lip and fair face white, Stilled her

p *p*

frightened heart's wild beating: "Curfew shall not ring to night!"

p *cantabile.* *L.H.* *R.H.*

It was over, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more, Where no

R.H. *pp* *cantabile.*

human foot had trodden for some hundred years before.

And when

poco sost.

TO THE
ANNALS

’er the hills came Cromwell, the maiden | saw him; and her brow, Lately

And simile.

white with sickening horror; has no anxious traces now. At his | feet she told her story, showed her

p e dolce.

hands, all bruised and torn; | And her sweet young face, still haggard, with the

gra bassa.

anguish it had worn, Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his | eyes with misty light. Go! your

poco sost. pp *mf a tempo.* *p*

lover lives," cried Cromwell "Curfew shall not ring | to night!"

cantabile. *ff molto rit:*

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